Vol. 15, No. 36. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Preps.)

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 19, 1902.

TERMS: { For Annum [in advance], 82. } Whole No. 764

Things in General.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, at a luncheon given by Lloyds, in replying to a toast said that the marine insurers in Britain do a great injustice in making a discimination against Canadian waterways. "Canada," he said, "was determined that her products should find markets through British ports," and in order to facilitate this proposition he desired a committee of Lloyds to meet the Canadian Ministers under circumstances where the whole business of insurance could be gone into. Sir William Mulcck's attempt to save our Canadian waterways from the foolish and irresponsible discrimination under which they suffer, seems to me to be the best effort made by any public man during the present Coronation ebullition. The Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is talking earnestly but somewhat vaguely about a fast Atlantic line to Canada. This may develop later on into something of importance to this country; but the direct demand of the Postmaster-General that Lloyds, who control the insurance, should meet the Cinadian Government and either justify or prevent the discrimination against the St. Lawrence route, is something upon which we can count as a benefit.

ONSIDERABLE is being said about the insufficiency of the salary connected with the Premiership of Canada. I have not noticed that anyone has distinctly stated the price we pay for the services of a Premier, but the blue books supply some interesting details: The Premier receives \$8,000 per annum, and sessional allowance as a Member of Parliament of \$1,500. In addition he is voted travelling expenses and cab-hire. In 1000-1001, for instance, he was paid, according to the public accounts, \$3,16,42 travelling expenses and \$79.75 cab-hire. All told, therefore, he gets in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars per annum. In addition to this his private secretary, Mr. Rodolphe Boudreau, receives as assistant clerk of the Privy Council \$1,850, and as private secretary to the Premier \$200, besides travelling expenses, which in 1000-1001 amounted to \$862,40, rather a startling sum. I should say, compared with the \$300 odd drawn by the Premier on travelling account. Adding the sums drawn by the private secretary to those charged to Sir Wilfrid, it is found that the country pays out something like \$13,000 per annum.

This looks to be a considerable amount, but in view of the resignation of Lord Hopetoun from the Governor-Generalship of Australia owing to the insufficiency of a salary of \$50,000 a year, we may well question ourselves as to the advisability of putting our Premier on boarding-house rations while contractors and politicians and all sorts of promoters are simply aching for an opportunity to place him in a palace. There are many people who think that a preacher who gets a salary of \$5,000 a year is getting too much. I have had much to do with criticizing the administration of churches and the devoutness of parsons, but I have never been discovered in the act of condemning those who pay clergymen too much. The modern minister of the Gospel has so many calls upon him and must show his charity or else apparently fail in his calling, that a small stipend in a large church is simply disgraceful, not alone to the pastor, but to the people. So it seems to me that it is a small stipend for the chief administrator of the affairs of a country. It is not only disgraceful, but dangerous. We have had in the past to raise funds to provide for those left in poverty by Premiers. This should not be so. The fear of poverty is the controlling impulse and doubtless the controlling weakness of the majority of men, and this should be removed from those who are so tortured by conflicting propositions and antagonistic factions and contradictory elements that they are likely to turn to the most profitable proposition that at least the pang of fear shall be allayed whether justice be done or not.

We pay £10,000 a year to our Governor-General and

We pay £10,000 a year to our Governor-General and provide him with a residence and all sorts of flubdubbery but the Premier has to provide himself or live unflubbed. Iwenty-five thousand dollars a year would not be too much for the Premier, and the Canadian Parliament has expressed its if, both unofficially and through the press, regardless of party affiliations, of its belief that we are shabbily treating those who reach the greatest prize in the whole range of Canadian sentiment, politics and achievement.

LKING about matters of national concern as well as private interest, we come naturally upon the contention, made possibly without understanding the cirstances, by book publishers, that the product of their rse such a proposition is too preposterous to discuss, ody has a right to have his business carried on at public The claim that the business is educational, tends citizenship and to is mere bung-water. It is with the greatest difficulty the Post-Office Department can decide what news ought to be carried free-it is a proposition they never have to undertake, for no newspaper should be ed free. The moment you open the door to a free dison either by postal car, express car or freight, of any e, every shipper endeavors to have his output loaded labelled FREE. The publishers of legitimate spapers in Canada have, I have contended for years, made mistake of their lives in asking that their output be ported by the Post-Office authorities without charge have simply opened the door to fake newspapers are nothing but catalogues and which are the greatompetitors of legitimate newspaper enterprises. This has n ver taken advantage of any of the "free zone y other fake privileges which one-horse newspaper or ations have succeeded in obtaining. In order to coniously and without reproach protest against all this business, "Saturday Night" has paid the price and een a large contributor to the postal department. The publisher who wants to ride on a pass and has to pay times the value of his transportation in being bumped and and being charged for extras, is welcome to the sise of being a privileged citizen; the newspaper pub who is anxious to have his nose held up against the stone or the spout, can best prepare himself for the ation by asking for something which he apparently for nothing. Nobody gets anything for nothing. Th tries to get something for nothing gets it This ambition to acquire wealth without giving the basis of all the gold brick swindles, the gree jobs, and those tin-horse gambler transactions which carried on amongst those who are not sure that they support themselves. The whole business of clamoring special privileges was invented by the whistling Peter designed three-card-monte. Up to a certain point this applies to class tariff legislation, but the fact t adhere to the understanding mind that this sort of thing can be done in reprisal as well as in speculation.

A N effort has been made to raise the price of bread in order that the bakers may make more money. I quite sympathize with any class of the community that desires to have its emoluments increased, but why bread should be raised from eight to ten cents a loaf while the price of the material out of which it is made has practically remained unchanged.

is a conundrum which nobody but a labo: philos pher can solve. That the bakers are not miking as much money as they might must be admitted. That their effort to make money by raising the price of their output from eight to ten cents a loaf is just, cannot be admitted by the most optimistic of those who consider that the ox should not be muzzled who treads out the corn. Just as soon as the conduning and commercial community discovers that everybody is trying to do everybody else up and is anxious to overcharge the consumer, exactly then the crack will be heard which will mean the doom of good times. That those who produce have learned the lesson that their article is not only worth what it costs with a reasonable profit added, but must be charged for at an exorbitant rate, is significant of a false idea of prices which must result in the return to a different method of making charges. Everything is going up in price; everybody expects more than he expected before. The producer of the article is receiving no marked advance, but the middleman is demanding extraordinary advances which cannot possibly result in anything but a rejection of the whole scale and a return to what was charged in what were known as worse times than we are now enjoying.

READERS of "Things in General" who are owners of plots in Mount Pleasant cemetery, will recall the paragraph which appeared two weeks ago, recounting the details of a dispute between a lot-owner and the Burying Grounds Trust over the right of the former to a supply of water for sprinkling the grass in his plot. As the matter stood when I dealt with it, the lot-owner had notified the trustees of his intention to attach a hose and use water without their permission. This week I have received the

which have somehow concluded that they are unselfish and are fighting a conspiracy of capital which has for its aim the detriment of workingmen.

The organization under criticism amongst many other things decided that it would not establish a home for old and disabled mou'ders. This particular impulse of what is presumed to be a beneficent body is significant. As I have frequently pointed out, labor unions are irresponsible bodies. They seek for legislation to make the employer responsible for everything. They are unwilling to be re-sponsible for anything, even the care of their aged and financially incompetent members. With a cheerfulness which is utterly at variance with the demands they make, they leave the general public to take care of their old and incapable members while they make a fight for those who are able to fight. Nothing has indicated the thoroughly irresponsible nature of unionism more than the throwing down by the unions of those who are incapable of making livelihood. Unionism, in order to be successful, mus demonstrate a philanthropy which is not shown by the action of any organization which has yet given evidence o its existence. As far as we have been able to see it, union ism simply means the getting of better wages, even if riots and a general disturbance of the public business are involved. Unionism, to be successful, must show that it is a combination of workingmen in favor of skilled labor and having as one of its projects the responsibility of working-men, not only to the employer, but to one another. The convention which has just dissolved has shown that it is a combination for no other purpose than the holding up the man who controls the pay-sheet in the business office. Members may grow old and perish by the wayside; it is no oncern of the union, though the unionist who is on strike

in the service with the regard of the general public. This is a poor compensation to those who are individually losers, though it may be an extremely good thing to impress those who are in the service. Grand funerals, to me, seem but little better than pagan obsequies which have regard only to how they may impress those who are to follow rather than to compensate those for whom all following is past.

THE resignation of Lord Salisbury from the Premiership of Great Britain has scarcely created a ripple in either political or diplomatic circles. The retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, has stiffened and widened the ears of the commercial world, which is ever listening for some whisper in the tops of the mulberry bushes as to the going or coming of a new commercial policy. Anticipating the Coronation Conference of the colonial Premiers, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had considerable to say with regard to the impossibility of a British tariff preference for the colonies as opposed to the alien world, which is continually at war with Great Britain either in a diplomatic or fiscal way. The retirement of Sir Michael must impress Canada as significant of a new order of things within the British Empire. That he and the ponderous Lord Salisbury have disappeared, leaving Messrs. Baliour and Chamberlain, two alert and polished statesmen of the newer school, in charge, means that heavy and discredited fiscal theories and policies are to give way to modern adaptations of the "what we have we'll hold" rule. This is of intense interest to Canada, but in advance of such resu'ts as we may hope from the conference of Premiers with the Home authorities it would be unwise to enter into details or insist upon specifications.

X-PREMIER GREENWAY of Manitoba, sphinx-like reticence and ponderous movements led not only the people of his province but those of Can-ada in general to believe him to be a statesman devoid of the power of expression, has recently been uttering his epinion with regard to what our far West thinks of the tariff. He believes that the West is developing so rapidly, not only in population but in local interests, that the fiscal interests of the East will either be disregarded or overthrown by the whiskered and aggressive farmers who are settling on the prairies. It is pleasant to hear our woolly Western friends, to whom the pockets of the East have been everlastingly open, telling us that now that they are able to go about and feed themselves and have roofs over their heads they propose to disregard to a greater or less extent the interests of the older part of Canada, which has been generous, even to the verge of folly, in trying to develop interests which were expected to contribute to the prosperity of the whole country. Eastern Canada would not have expended the millions for which it has been taxed for the development of Western Canada if it had not been xpected that the newer regions would develop something but grain and hogs and a hoggish instinct. Mr. Greenway has evidently fallen into the new phase of parish politics which for the moment is dominating the West. Tens of thousands of farmers from the United States are settling upon our land, which has been yearning for occupants, and these people are already beginning to talk as if they were the dominating influence in Canada. That the Dominion has left its lands vacant until now does not prove that our authorities have been entirely unobservant of the fact that the United States is becoming overcrowded. It may be regarded as a fact that those in charge of this country have been possibly over-careful in the class of immigrants which they invited. When the Yukon was a wilderness there was no di pute about its administration; when it became populous and our Yankee n ighbors found it to their interest to settle there the problem of government became difficult. It seems to be likely that our Western country will be-a repetition of the Yukon experience, and our Government will show itself exasperatingly weak if it does not insist upon such tariff regu'ations as will give the taxpayers who built up the North-West a chance to recoup themselves, and at the same time prevent that enormous and fertile district from becoming by too free intercourse with the United States a preserve of that republic and a thorn in the side of the British possessions in North America.

M. EDGAR TRIPP is one of those very unimportant and none too useful or numerous Canadian Commissioners scattered through the West Indies. His title alone gives him importance, not when he speaks to the country which pays him, but when he speaks in favor of the country he is paid to resist. That he has said disparaging things about British interests in Trinidad, where he resides, would have been unimportant had he not worn the title of a Canadian Commissioner. This title should be taken from him so as to divest him of any possible opportunity to do further harm. Hereafter our lack of a Commissioner in that locality will not only leave us as well off as we are, but prevent Canada from arming with a title a man who evidently does not know how to hold his tongue.

W E had a circus day here last week, and quite possibly the circus itself was all right-those who went in the afternoon thought so; those who went at night thought not. This city is in the habit of charging a very large license fee to those itinerant shows which pop up in an hour and disappear at night before the crowd think they have had their share. The fee is \$500 per day and \$50 for each sideshow. The newspapers supplied liberally with passes and advertising matter cannot be said to have con-scientiously performed their duty either before or after the performance. One or two newspaper fragments have apseared indicating that the evening performance was satisfactory. Personally my circus days are past. In my into the tent for the elephant and thought myself a Barbut nowadays I abhor crowds of all kinds, and particularly abstain from that jostling and uncontrollable gregation of human nature which makes a circus profitable. evertheless, I have the interests of the circus-going popuation at heart and retain a distinct memory of the pusile tendency of those who have a circus in charge. show was here last week, at the evening performance tickets were sold vastly in excess of the seating or standing capacity of the tents. Interesting features were cut out--if they existed except on the bills-because of the mass of spectators. The whole business of entertaining the public in the evening was a farce consisting mostly of the fact that there was but little entertainment either pos-sible or provided. The city does not sufficiently do its duty in charging a large license fee, presumably to keep the money of foolish citizens from going with the circus people to an alien country; it should see that the adver-tised features are presented, so police the entrance and body of the tents as to prevent overcrowding, and in a general way earn the license fee which has been paid, presumably on behalf of the citizens. If I am correctly informed the ordinary circus upon paying its license may defraud the citizens as it sees fit, both as to the length and quality of the performance presented. If this is the spirit in which the licensing of circuses is carried on in Toronto, it is simply blackmail, or what is possibly worse, a conspiracy between the government of the city and the management of the



THE RECENT DOMINION LAWN BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT TORONTO ISLAND. Photo by Ward, Yonge St.

following letter dealing with a later phase of the case: "Dear Sir,-In compliance with your request in issue of The of the state o my letter informing the management of my intention t ise hose without their permission, all the hydrants in the section south-west of the ravine, where my plot is located had been rendered useless for hose connection. upon, with a friend, made an inspection of the hydrants is other parts of the ground beyond the ravine, and did n find a single one that had been treated in like manner. addition to my own knowledge as to the former state of the near my plot, I am able to prove hydrants others that all, excepting one, south-west of the ravine, were recently in good condition. I therefore can come to but one conclusion in the matter, viz., that the hydrants have been rendered useless for hose connections by the cemetery authorities in order to prevent my using the water upon the grass. I enclose you letters that have passed on the matter since, and as the Trust have practi cally refused to restore a hydrant near my plot, even at my cost, I shall now fight it out with them by moving the sear of war to where the hydrants are in condition, and see they will render these useless also. I will therefore be glad to have any of your readers who have plots on the north or east side of the ravine send me, through you, permissi water the grass of their plots during the dry weather. question the legal right of the cemetery authorities to lamage or destroy the property of their wards.'

If any reader of the above cares to give the permission asked for, "Saturday Night" will be pleased to put the parties in communication.

NE of the most interesting lessons in the industrial economics we have had in Toronto has been furnished by the Iron Moulders' Convention. The delegates to this so-called international convention have been welcomed in every way appropriate to the large place they occupy in the industrial concerns of the United States and Canada.

The consideration of their work as an international body is of course open to criticism, and what remarks I may make are purely critical and not malicious in any sense of the word. A large minority in the convention has opposed the entrance of the nigger, the foreigner, and of everybody who might reduce wages without regard to the general good of mankind. The general good of mankind is a vague and much abused expression, but when we find these delegates who express the labor opinion of such an influential body arrayed against the good of anybody excepting themselves we have a right to draw a conclusion which may possibly be offensive to labor and socialistic organizations,

receives some consideration. The number of apprentices who may receive employment in a shop governed by the union has been considered, and at the moment of writing it seems that one boy for six men may be employed. Nothing has been said or no legislation has been enacted with regard to the six boys or eight boys who cannot be employed as helpers, who must run wild on the streets and be a disturbance to the peace of the community. It is evident that the moulders have in view their own happiness and welfare while thoroughly disregarding that large element of public peace which should make it possible for the father to have has boys helping him in whatever has been chosen as the family avocation. The purely selfish nature of unionist legislation has never been better shown than by the work of the extraordinarily large and exceedingly well behaved outfit which chose Toronto as its point of convention.

T must be a very difficult situation in which a Cabine finds itself when the tearful friends of a convict con demned to die make petitions for a change of sentence a situation in which no politician should be allowed discover himself. The man who is executing justice should not be open to the petitions of weeping women. enough to be subjected to the prayerful suggestions of contract. There is nothing so termenting. the routine of experience, as a tearful woman; she is a ter rible personage. That the Dominion Cabinet or such mem bers of it as have remained in Canada during the Corona tion expectancy have been able to resist all the petition women related to a man named Rice, who will prob ably have been hanged before this reaches the public eye, i to the credit of those to whom the appeals have been made

THAT a city should show its respect to firemen who died while doing their du'y is advocated by everybody. Roughly estimating the crowds on the street and those taking part in the burial of the firemen who died while at work on the city's business, it may be said that a very large percentage showed their sympathy by their presence either in one direction or another. That so much money should be spent on the flowers and so little on the families of those who were killed, can only be esteemed as a fragment of a pagan idea that the wife and family should be cremated with the deceased. Our belief in public pageantry is evidently stronger than our contention for the proper bestowal of those who are left. Analyzed, this sort of thing means that we are trying to teach those in the public service to be faithful that they may have a grand funeral. The other view of this same question involves the payment to those who meet sudden death in the public service, of a sum which shall compensate the widow and ortheir deprivation of their special wage-earner. The grandeur of the funeral may impress all those engaged

circus to give the public the worst of it in any shape that the circus sees fit, so long as it contributes a portion of its ill-gotten gains to the civic management. This sort of civic management is a sickening and worthless thing, and we are getting it not only in circuses, but theatrical affairs.

I T is evident that we are in for a very interesting if not edifying dispute about the reception edifying dispute about the reception accorded to the Canadian Coronation contingent in England. The officers, since returning to Canada, deny that any discourtesy was experienced at the hands of the War Office or that there was any friction between English and colonial officers. They say in effect: "We were well used, and surely we are the ones who should know the facts." But the "Telegram," whose special cable despatches were the main source of reports to the contrary, insists that the contingent was badly used, whether its members are aware of the fact or not. It maintains that its reports, sent doubtless by Mr. J. Ross Robertson personally, were well-founded, and that the of ficers who have been giving newspaper interviews in which they insist that everything was lovely, either do not repre-sent the general feeling of the contingent or have conspired to hush the whole business up.

I went to the trouble of ascertaining Colonel Pellatt's

remark to the trouble of ascertaining Coloner reliates personal views and was assured by him that there was no ground for complaint as to the welcome and entertainment of the colonial forces. "Of course," said Colonel Pellatt. "there were three very unfortunate circumstances: first. the wet weather; secondly, the choice of Alexandra Palace as camping ground for the troops; and lastly, the fact that there was no coronation. These adverse conditions marred the pleasure of the trip, but no one was to blame for the weather or for the King's illness." As to the choice of Alexandra Palace, Colonel Pellatt admitted, when questions and the coloner of the choice of the c

tioned, that the grounds were inconvenient and that he thought more suitable ones might have been selected.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, M.P., who was in command of the unmounted men of the contingent, has given to the press an interview in which he denies circumstantially yarns" about the ill-treatment of the Canadians. Or the "yarns" about the ill-treatment of the Canadians. On the other hand, a letter has been published, written by Major E. W. B. Morrison, an officer of the contingent, on June 25th. Major Morrison's statements on the whole rather bear out the despatches to the "Telegram." He speaks of friction between Canadian and British officers and of the multiplicity of drills and routine duties imposed, making the camp much like an ordinary camp of instruction. tion. But his chief complaint seems to be that the cam grounds were inconveniently situated. "We are so fa out of London"-this is the gist of his letter-"and have so many parades and duties that even when you can get leave it is scarcely worth while to go into town, as it takes practically a whole afternoon to go and return." Upon this point Major Morrison is not in disagreement with Colonel Pellatt, who did not hesitate to describe Alexandra Palace as badly located.

However, it is one thing to say that the War Office made a mistake in locating the camp and quite a different thing to charge that there was ill-treatment of the visiting soldiers. Looking at all the facts so far adduced, the whole matter seems to resolve itself into this: That a genera feeling of disappointment was experienced, but that this was mainly due to uncontrollable circumstances, such as the weather and the King's illness, for which no one could be held accountable; that it was partially due, however, to the difficulty of reaching London from Alexandra Palace and to the impossibility of combining sight-seeing with at tention to soldierly duties. If some British officers were inclined to snub the colonials, this of course would add t the unpleasantness of the situation, but these cases would seem to have been exceptions, and even Major Morrison attributes to the Government and the people of England the desire to make the Canadians' visit a pleasant of

In any event, the chapter is one that had better be closed No good can be done by keeping open a discussion that has already made most of us wish the contingent had never been sent. If the British War Office needs reforming, as undoubtedly it does, the change cannot be brought about by editorials in the "Telegram" or by complaints from Canadian officers who think they have been shabbily treated by the "Chollies" and "Algies" of the Headquarters Staff. Whatever the condition of the British War Office may be Canada can only accept the situation without "beefing." We have our own woodpile to absorb our energies while the fine weather lasts.

a law is not to be enforced it had better be repealed. In the United States no procession is allowed to dis play a foreign flag unless it also displays the Stars and Stripes. The regulation, an eminently proper one, is rigidly enforced. Some such enactment is supposed to Stripes. The regulation, an eminently proper one, is rigidly enforced. Some such enactment is supposed to have been passed here also, but if we did not mean it to be taken seri usly due notice should be given that such is the case. Twice within the last week the Stars and Stripes have been flaunted before the faces of Toronto's citizens without the accompaniment of the Canadian ensign. Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus parade offended in this repaugh & Sells Brothers circus parade offended in this re-spect, and on Saturday afternoon the procession of the International Moulders is said to have carried the United States colors at its head through the streets of this city, while omitting the equal courtesy due to the flag of a counwhose guests they have been while assembled in co sention. As readers of this page are aware, I am not very strong on the bloody shirt species of patriotism, yet in matters of this kind reciprocity is a good rule and engenders self-respect. The police ought to be instructed to stop any procession that flouts Canadian sentiment by either an inadverted or intentional light in the contract of the con vention. As readers of this page are aware, I am not ver tionality.

AM assured by a letter from Mr. W. K. McNaught, president of the Industrial Exhibition, that only one of the three new buildings will not be completed in time for this year's fair. This is the new Manufacturers' building. The Dairy building and the Art Gallery will both be ready, and the old Main building. Music Hall and Carriage building will be thoroughly repaired in order to provide accomposition for manufacturers' exhibits. It vide ample accommodation for manufacturers' exhibits. It is desirable that these facts should be widely known. While it is most unfortunate that all the new buildings cannot be finished for the opening of the Exhibition on September I there is really no reason why this year's fair should not be bigger and better than any in the past.

A CURIOUS communication reached "Saturday Night" this week in the form of a number of patriotic poemby an Australian writer. One of these is an amended version of "Good Save the King," and is called "God Guard our Realms and King," Another bears the high-sounding title of "Australia's Message to Throne and Empire." The verses are printed in circular form and presumably have been sent out broadcast through the English-speaking world. The noteworthy feature of the copy that reached this office is the address: "The Editor, 'Saturday Night,' Toronto, U.S.A." Evidently the inspired Australian bard who burns to deliver his imperial message, as well as his London publishers, Messrs. Wigg and Son, conceives of Canada as a State of the American Union or else of the United States as a British possession. It is thus that the unification of the Empire is promoted! CURIOUS communication reached "Saturday Night

I HAVE seen many newspapers reformed to death. Drifting away back in memory I recall the New York "Ledger," out of which Bonner made a fortune and kept the greatest race horses in the world. In every home except where fiction was barred the "Ledger" had an entrance, and when the heroes and heroines were left hanging by their eyelashes on a precipice at the end of the week the great unbaked section of the public looked forward cagerly to the solution of the mystery and the rescue of the adventurers. When old man Bonner died the "Ledger" was revamped by the sons, to whom that valuable property was left. It was made higher-toned, put in more readable

printed in a better way. The whole sheet was more maga-zinish, and the result was that the enterprise upon which hundreds of thousands were expended fell dead. It was neither a magazine nor a story paper, it appealed to neither one class nor the other, and one does not come across a New York "Ledger" newadays, if it be in existence, ever occasionally. All the story papers that have tried to turn themselves into semi-magazines have fallen by the wayside. sad evidences of the passing of the story paper and the failure of those who try to keep a literary halfway-house. The latest evidence of this tendency to try to be something which one isn't is to be found in "Harper's Weekly," one of the papers that I have been accustomed to swear by and to read with interest and instruction. It is going through the process, both as to size and management, of the New York "Ledger;" it is passing from the thing we knew unto the thing for which we do not care. God save it from destruction, for it has been an element for good. Its only redeeming feature in its new shape—a shape unwelcome and, though convenient, not attractive—is its exceeding attention to comment on public affairs. This feature of com menting upon public affairs in weekly papers, it can be said, without an attempt to aggrandize "Saturday Night," has been made a great journalistic possibility by what the been made a great journalistic possibility by what the reader of this front page has enjoyed for the last fifteen years. It has grown year by year, and weekly journalism has been enriched by thousands of attempts—successful attempts, I must admit—to not only equal but excel day Night" in its comments on passing events. this paper has been a leader in the movement or whether i was simply a straw showing the direction that public opin ion was taking with regard to the weekly instead of the daily review of what was taking place, must be left to other: to decide. All I can say in the matter is that this paper published in Terento was the forerunner of a great jour nalistic movement, or if not the forerunner, was at least running with the foremost papers that engaged themselves in the task of once a week summarizing what had happened. I am sorry that "Harper's Weekly" has shown the first

sign of decadence by departing from its original proposi-tion. Years ago we saw the disappearance of Nast's car-toons or anything filling the place of that artist's great work, with regret. Now we are compelled to read the work of men we know not of, and to look at the pictures of those of whom we have not heard and for whom we do not care, with a feeling that the finish of "Harper" Weekly" is in sight.

Social and Personal.

The first dance of the season at the Yacht Club was re-markably successful. The rain of the day had cooled the air to just the right temperature for dancing, and the damp-ness which so often thickens the atmosphere did not hang about the club-house as usual after the rain. Quite a larg party cf city folks arrived on the eight o'clock and two fol lowing boats, and several cosy dinners were enjoyed by small parties of yachtsmen and their friends. The menu a the club has undergone a decided improvement, and I think the remark of a New York girl some time ago that she never enjoyed a more charming experience than her dinne at the Yacht Club and quiet paddle afterwards, was quit justified. No pleasanter little treat can be given by the members to their lady friends than a well arranged litt dinner on a fair summer night on the shady upper verandah of the Yacht Club-house. On Monday several pretty strangers were present. Mrs. Matthews of Arkansas, a ovely dark-eyed Southerner in black jetted lace over whit silk, and Miss Roos of Berlin, a fair-haired and sweet-face girl, in a dainty dove grey crepe de chine with lace guimpe, were two of the most admired visitors. Miss McLeod, in white muslin, and her sister, in grey were welcomed as new Islanders who are exceedingly popular. Mrs. Warwick of Sunnieholm brought her daugh ter, Miss Lillian, and popular Miss Kathleen Taylor Mas sey of New York, who is, I believe, now visiting other friends at Center Island. Miss Taylor Massey is Mrs. Rose Gooderham's younger sister, and is a charming girl. Dr Morton of Melbourne, Australia, came with his host, Dr Capon, and is enjoying his visit in Toronto greatly. D Morton is a nephew of the late Dr. George Morton Church and Gloucester streets. There was a sextette o young girls, all of whom happened to wear pink gowns, who rivalled any Florodora aggregation of like number ever worshipped by stage-struck Johnnies. A couple of sweet young brides, Mrs. Gooderham (nee Patterson) and Morris n (nee White), reassumed their girlhood dom and were besieged with partners. Handsome Miss Hanlan looked very well in pale blue with black skirt.

Little Miss Dottie Lamont wore a brilliant deep red skirt and dainty white muslin and lace blouse. Mrs. Pack looked very handsome in a flowered foulard and picture hat with dainty flowers. Miss Janie Wallbridge wore blue and white foulard with ecru lace and a hat crowned with lovely flowers. Miss Ashley Dunnet wore pink and white and a very pretty hat. Mrs. Lee was daintily gewned in transparent black muslin and black hat touched with white. Miss Merie Massey was bright and pretty as usual; her hat, with pink flowers, was particularly becoming and her hair was most softly and nicely arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggar d in rather late, Mrs. Duggan very smartly gowned in with a picture hat to match. Mrs. Arthur Massey white lawn with lace and a rose-crowned hat. sie Helliwell wore a very pretty white mousseline with ack lace ondule insertions. Miss Lauda Gale was preatil owned in pink. Miss Birchall of Montreal was a little black lace ondule insertions. eauty in India silk and a large black hat. Some of the ten were the Commodore, Messrs. Gooderham, Band men were the Commodore, Messrs. Gooderham. Band Martin, Taylor, Perry, Smart. Eby, Delisle. Edwards Duncan Lamont, W. Lamont, McMurray, Sears,

Colonel Buchan has returned from a fortnight's summe Colonel Buchan has returned from a fortnight's summer vacation. Toronto friends are much disappointed to hear that Lieutenant Douglas Young and Lieutenant Kingston are not aboard the "Cestrian." Some of the officers and soldiers had to await other transportation, as the number of troops en route for home overcrowded the vessel. The arrival of the "Cestrian" is eagerly awaited by many relatives here and in Halifas. ives here and in Halifax.

Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Coolmine heads the list of her division, with honors, in the recently published ac-count of the College of Music exams. Lady Ruby Elliot of Rideau Hall comes next, and is a very earnest and pains-

Mrs. Ulysses Grant, widew of the late General Grant twice President of the United States, is spending the summer in Cebeurg. Miss Coffee of Washington is with her

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer of the Queen's Park have gone to England, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews are up the Sague-nay, Mr. and Mrs. Brough and Mrs. MacDougall are, I am told, at Metis for the summer. Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Meffett and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are in Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake are in the Province of Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. George Burton are at St. Andrew's N.B.

Mr. Oscar Bickford, who is "auto-fiend" par excellence n Toronto, and whose friends are enjoying delightful out in foronto, and whose friends are enjoying defigitude out-ings with him, arranged a party to run up to London, one day lately. Mrs. Campbell Reaves' fair guests, Miss Small-man of London and Miss Pringle of Edinburgh, with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bickford, enjoyed the journey very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton are off for the sum Prince Edward Island with their little folks

Miss Hazel Wright is in Seattle with her mother and an invalid brother, whose health is very precarious. Miss Wright went west about a fortnight ago.

was left. It was made higher-toned, put in more readable shape, and printed in a form that was not as cumbersome.

The circus last week attracted quite a number of society people in town with nothing to do, and several jolly parties were made up to attend, among others a group of young

folks who afterwards adjourned to Mrs. Charles McLeod's pretty home in Crescent road for supper. Why the reporters sent them to 510 Jarvis street is beyond me, as the McLeods haven't lived there for many months. Miss Jackon of Detroit is visiting Miss McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morrice have gone to the Adiron

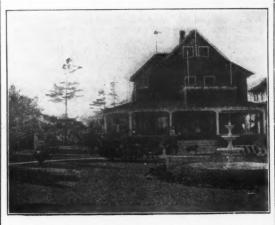
Mrs. Price-Brown is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kinzie Bates, at Gresse Isle, and will be absent from the city for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis are in Muskoka for the

I hear from Tilsonburg, which is an up-to-date town indeed, that the golf links are proving very popular, and a nice tennis club is in working order, giving pleasant afternoon teas and so forth.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower and Miss Macklem are arranging to leave for the White Mountains next Tuesday.

To many Torontonians the advance in the architectura beauty of the Island residences is quite a marvel when they happen to visit Toronto's water suburb. The first of a series



of pictures of pretty Is'and homes is produced this week. It is the residence of Mr. Arthur Massey at Center Island. These photos are taken by a c'ever amateur. Mr. Albert Winkelmann.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hamilton have taken a house at 113 Bedford road

Lady Meredith and Mr. Jack Meredith have gone to Scarborough Beach, Maine, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls of the Homewood have gone to their summer home, the Grange, near Barrie,

Miss Ethel Baldwin is at Little Metis. Miss Sinclair of Huron street is the guest of Mrs. George McKeough in Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford are at the Island. Mr. and Mrs. Warren and their children are at their beautiful Island home on the Breakwater.

"What part of the Island is this" enquired a Southern lady as she strolled toward the Breakwater. "Gooderhamville," said the small boy. "Ain't that a good name for the strong the small boy.

Mr. Arthur Guise, Comptroller of the vice-Regal household, returned from Japan on Tuesday, on which date he landed at Victoria, B.C.

Mej r Forester has not returned with the contingent from the Coronation, as he was in London attached to the Governor-General's staff and will return with His Excel-

On next Monday week the second of the Yacht Club's cummer hops will take place. Two dances will be given luring August also.

me one was lamonting the fact that there will be no suitable place for large balls next season, now that the Pavilion is burned down. What's the matter with the Royal Edward Hotel?

Mrs. Bingham Turner (nee Gzowski) arrived out from South Africa a few days ago, and spent a short time with Lady Gzowski at The Hall, where on Tuesday a few in-timate friends called to congratulate Mrs. Turner upon the distinction gained by her braye son, Captain Bingham Alexander Turner of the Rifle Brigade, in South Africa, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Turner and Mr. Casimir Gzowski left n Wednesday for Star Island, Lake Jeseph, to join Mrs Gzowski and her yeung people, who have been at thei becutiful Muskeka residence for some time.

Colonel and Mrs. Rebert Cartwright and their young people are living at Rockliffe, Ottawa, for the summer. where Mrs. Cartwright, always the soul of hospitality, give leasant and frequent teas.

Mrs. Worthington has gone to Halifax to meet her hus bind, who is returning by the "Cestrian" from South Africa. Mrs. Cook of Arnacloich, Parkdale, accompanied her daughter on this pleasant trip.

Mr. Plunkett Magann's yacht arrived this week and i-being done up for the season.

Mrs. Huyek Garratt e joyed a cruse on the "Gloria' with Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and their family, circling Lake Ontario and calling at several points of interest. Garratt's summer tan is most becoming, as her friends are telling her. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are in Mr. Northcote's pretty summer c trage at Center Is'and, and on Monday the Misses McLeod were much admired guests at the first R.C.Y.C. dance at the Island club-house

Mr. Hees arrived this week from his Klondike trip, and speaks with much interest of the far North, which is no by any means as inaccessible as one is prone to imagine He saw many Toronto friends while there, and found most of them doing extremely well. Stalwart Norman Cosby with his peace-keepers, the North-West Mounted Police, and Mr. Cleveland Hall, who came out part of the way to meet Mrs. and Mr. Cleveland Hall, who came out part of the way to meet Mrs. Hall on her return from Toronto, are two To-rontonians who agree with their new atmosphere. Mr. Harry Hees returned a few days ago from a charming tour of England and the Continent.

Mrs. Creelman and her daughters left Toronto on Thursday evening for Montreal, en route to England.

Mrs. H. S. Mara and her daughters, Mrs. Wiehmeyer and Miss Mara, are enjoying their London experiences.
Mr. Mara is to join them shortly.
The stork has been good to Mr. and Mrs. George Car-

ruthers in their Winnipeg home. A wire to a friend ir Torento from Mr. Carruthers on Wednesday announced: Son and heir arrived noon to-day,

At a recent cooking exhibition in Paris, President Loubet made a speech in which he declared that one of the reasons why so many foreigners like to visit Paris is that they are sure to get better things to eat there than any-



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Islanders and city people of the young set, the "summer girls" looking very bright and pretty and just beginning to acquire the tan which is so becoming to some of them. A very pretty slig... and graceful girl in white lawn and lace was Miss Nonie Crozier; Miss Francis, also in white, was another very attractive dancer. Petite Miss Dottie Lamont, in white with pink roses in her corsage and hair, looked very pretty in a Pompadou' coiffure, quite a change from her usual quaint and simple way of arranging her beautiful golden hair. Mrs. Trees also looked very nice in a simple frock and smmer hat. There were many other pretty girls at the dance. Miss Macfarlane looked very well, and a couple of tall and stylish strangers received much attention. The night was so lovely that J. Ross Ritchey of Toronto, Mr. Elmer Smith of Beaumaris, Mr. R. D. Strauss, Hon. Justice Lount, Mrs. Lount and Miss Lount of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Kelso of Chicago, Mr. Charles P. Franes of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dudley, Miss Fanny F. Dudley, Miss Harriett Dudley of New York, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Crump of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Crump of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Crump of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir of Toronto, Mr. J. C. Harlow of Amherst, N.S., Mr. J. Everleigh of Montreal, Mr. Henry A. Rowell, Mr. H. R. Harris of New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie of Hamilton, Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto, Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mrs. M. Mackelcan, Mrs. John H. Hendrie, Mr. A. Murray, Mr. William Murray, Mr. C. S. Murray of Hamilton, Mrs. L. M. Harris, Mr. L. S. Harris, Mr. R. H. Harris of Toronto, Mrs. Currie A. Moore, Mr. M. Carey A. Moore of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie of Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Symongton, Miss Symongton, Miss Symongton, Miss Symongton, Miss Symongton, Miss Symongton, Mrs. Gerard A. Elink Scheurman of Holland, Mr. E. Bolton, Mr. E. H. Pepper of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Barber of Georgetown, Mr. S. F. McKimnon of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. H. Carey A. Gerge G. Hamilton, Mr. H. F. Moeller of Detroit, Mr. H. T. Jaeger of Buffalo, Mr. T. G. Winnett of Bay City, Mr. Paul Jarvis of Toronto, Mr. A. W. Tuinson, Miss A. M. Culhoune of Buffalo, Mr. T. G. Winnett of Bay City, Mr. Paul Jarvis of Toronto, Mr. A. W. Taylor of Gananoque, Mr. George E. King of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. James Houston of Detroit, Mr. A. E. Plunmer of Detroit, Mr. R. E. C. Welker, Mrs. John Foy of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Fraser, Mr. Fred P. Fox of Buffalo, Mr. F. E. Couse of Sarnia, Mrs. Minnie Marjorie Octavia Gilmour of Helensburgh, Scotland, Mr. F. E. Couse of Sarnia, Mrs. Minnie Marjorie Octavia Gilmour of Helensburgh, Scotland, Mr. F. E. Couse of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan, the Misse Mary D. Potter, Miss Mary M. Disque, Miss Mary tall and stylish strangers received much attention. The night was so lovely that many couples strolled out after a dance and forgot to come back for a long time, and might have been seen on the beach calloying the exquisite moon, in her first quarter, as she faintly reflected herself in the ripples of the lake or lagoous. Several of the stand-bys of the Island Aquatic were away on their vacations. Mr. and Mrs. Eastmuir were at Crawford's, White Mountains, and a merry yachting party took several others hence. vachting party took several others hence The sudden death of Mrs. Arthur Taylor (nee Macklem), widow of Mr. Arthur Taylor, and daughter of the late Mrs. Denison of Dovercourt, who was twice married, took place last Wednesday. Mrs. Taylor had for some time suffered from her heart, and, being hurried in looking for her little grandchild, who had strayed from her side in the evening, the result of hier exertion terminated in a spasm, which caused her death. Her son, Mr. Denison Taylor of Fort William, came down to attend his mother's funeral, and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong (nee Denison) of Gilnockie, Lloydown, also was in town for the burial of her step-sister, to whom she was greatly

ther step-sister, to whom she was greatly attached. Although Mrs. Taylor had lived a very retired life of late, she had many warm friends, who valued her many sterling traits and will be grieved to hear of her decease. Miss Elsie Bankes, whose bright and charming presence has been so much appreciated at all the spring factions, has left Rosedale House, where she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Perceval Ridout, and gone to relatives in Montreal and Charles.

> Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., and his sister, Mrs. Tait, and little Miss Tait are at Birch Point, Muskoka, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn's summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn's summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn's result abroad for the benefit of Mrs. Cockburn's health. o which. I am pleased to note, favorable accounts continue.

The Coronation contingent slipped in on Sunday very quietly, and are rather warm over the reports concerning their dissatisfaction with their English experiences. Colonel Andrew Thompson, the handsome M. P. from Cayuga, is most emphatic in his gratitude for the kindness received by himself and his men, and Colonel Pellatt, who probably had a bigger disappointment than any colonial in the postponement of the coronation, is just his usual jolly, cheery self, with "good time" beaming from every feature. It is safe to say that any grumblers are not those who are least accustomed to denial of luxuries and ease, but the contrary. and ease, but the contrary.

Last Sunday, so sunny and clear, was a dark day for many a bereaved and sorrowing soul, and the funeral of the five splendid fellows who lost their lives at Thursday's fire was witnessed by many a beau and butterfly of fashion with real sorrow for manhood cut short in its prime. In some of the down-town offices little groups of beautiful women sat, mournfully regarding the solemn cortege, and one fair lady held her little three-year-old son on her knee and explained to him the brave and noble way in which the gallant firemen had lost plained to him the brave and noble way in which the gallant firemen had lost their lives. The little man listened and noted every detail, then regarded his mother seriously, "Dey didn't kill any Boers, ..., they?" he enquired. "Cause I like them better han the soldier people if they didn't." Thus peace had victory not less, but more, than war in a pure mother seriously. "Dey didn't kill any Boers, they?" he enquired. "Cause I like them better 'nan the soldier people if they didn't." Thus peace had victory not less, but more, than war in a pure little child's heart. The music of the massed bands as they throbbed forth the "Dead March" struck like a chill upon many a sad heart, and the mournful knell from tower to tower was like a cry of pity for the poor fellows whose battered remains were slowly passing to their quiet graves. A wealth of flowers overflowed half a dozen open carriages, tributes from civic, society and regimental bodies with which the dead firemental bodies wit ributes from civic, society and regimen (al bodies with which the dead firemer) and been connected, and their stalwar confreres marched in their dark blue conferes marched in their dark blue, with fluttering knots of crape on their left arms, along the roadway over which the quiet dead had often stepped in brave attre and with gallant bearing on high days and holidays.

Mrs. Henry Sanford, who is at her summer place at Newcastle, came to town for a short visit, and such of her friends as are in town were delighted to have a glimpse of her. During her stay she was at the Queen's.

Professor and Mrs. Hutton are in Mus Frofessor and Mrs. Herbert Greene and Miss koka. Mrs. Herbert Greene and Miss Laura Ireland are on the Atlantic Coast. Mrs. John Hagarty and her family are at Scarboro' Beach, Maine, and Miss Es-telle Nordheimer of Glenedyth is with them. Mr. and Mrs. are in Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson

The good stork is paying particular attention to Toronto this year. In token of peace the bird is bringing quite a lot of girl babies to town. Many enquiries and congratulations are voiced to Mrs. J. Strachan Johnson on the arrival of her little new daughter, and the progressof both is very satisfactory.

Miss Labatt was in town for a short All Statistics was in town for a short stay and has gone east for the summer. Mrs. Holloway has gone, I hear, to Cushing's Island for the vacation. Mr. an't Mrs. Shepley and their family will spend the holidays in Muskoka. I believe, as last season, they will be at the Royal Muskoka.

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Mrs. Gilmour, jr., had only just gotter settled in their new home in Vancouver. Their marriage took place in Hamilton on June 4. Mrs. Gilmour was Miss Turner, daughter of Mr. Alec Turner of Hamilton, and her mother is now en route to visit her. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, sr., have been a few days away from Torento. They went up to Sudipury to visit their son, Mr. Jack Gilmour, manager of the Bank of Toronto at Copper Cliff, and the sad news followed them. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour on Sunday as the funeral of the firemen took its way from the Cathedral, and heard their tender and sympathetic firemen took its way from the Cathedral, and heard their tender and sympathetic words. Now it is their friends and privilege to return them love and sympathy. Mr. W. A. Gilmour was but thirty-one years of age, and poss-ssed of every quality to command affection and esteem. A large family connection in Toronto, Mrs. Wardrop, his grandmother; the Misses Wardrop, Mrs. Wellington Francis and Mrs. Cross, his aunts, are all in grief over his sad and sudden death. Mr. Gilmour was a barrister at Osgoode Hall and a partner of Sir Hibbert Tupper and Hon, Fred Peters.

Mr. 1. B. Futcher of Battimore, Mr. Jeseph L. Gobiele and Miss Gobiele of Cleveland, Mr. Mark Ansley and Miss Ansley of Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Elias and Miss Weil of Cincinnati, Mrs. J. A. Proctor and Miss Maude Proctor of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Alter of Cincinnati, Mrs. C. R. Sherlock and Miss Sherlock of Syracuse, Rev. C. L. wells and Mrs. Wells of Brooklyn, Mr. J. A. Currie of Toronto, Mr. Ralph Holterholf of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lawrence Bigelow of Ann Arbor, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Coon of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Little of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Colston and family of Cincinnati, Mrs. R. W. McChain of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West of Toronto, Mr. Charles A. Lindley of New York, Messrs. G. F. Hunt, A. F. Weightman and E. G. Coster of London.

The Queen's Royal baseball team, composed of guests of the hotel, defeated a team comprised of the officers of the Ninth Infantry, U.S.A., at Fort Niagara, Monday afternoon, July 14. Score, 16

Some of the smart people noticed on the terraces at the tennis tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake, weress Lillian Warwick, Toronto; Miss Katherine T. Massey, New York; Miss Suckling, Miss Ethel Suckling of Toronto, Mrs. J. Macleod Gill of Brockville, Mrs. Harry Edward Vaux and the Misses Vaux, Miss Bodine and Miss Durand, Mr. J. A. Meldrum and Mr. H. C. Boultbee of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cox and Miss Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. Jack Howell, Mr. Charles Gilmour, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mr. J. L. Coulson and Mr. H. S. Coulson of Toronto.

er of Glenedyth, is spending the vacation at Scarborough Beach, Maine.

The cruelly sudden tidings of the death of Mr. W. A. Gilmour, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour of Toronto, has moved all to great sympathy with the fair young bride of a few weeks and the much-esteemed parents of the deceased. Mr. and

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er of Glenedyth, is spending the vacation at Scarborough Beach, Maine.



CHAPTER XXXII. The Moonstone Sphinx.

Weeks went on, and life pressed heav ily upon Winifred Gray. The one com-fort she had was that her mother, though still frail and very, very weak, was no longer in danger, and that they

was no longer in danger, that they were together again.

The flat was given up, for Winifred had had a chance to let it furnished, and, though the amount paid by the new tenants was ridiculously small, that, with Mrs. Gray's pension, was some-thing to depend upon. When the inva-lid was strong enough they moved into cheap lodgings in Westminster, and Winifred tried again to find an engage-

The girl was driven at last from the theatrical agents to those who made a specialty of engaging music-hall artistes, and strove to persuade her mother that she was delighted when she was given a chance to sing a ballad at a "hall" on the Surrey side.

For this she received two guineas every Setted we girlthe and as she did not

ery Saturday night; and as she did not know that she had been engaged on the strength of the "Mazeppa" reclame rather than for her charming young face, her reputation as an actress or her genuine talent as a singer, she made the best of the new life, never telling her mother of the coarse things she often had to see and hear behind the scenes at the hall.

Mrs. Gray had had to be told the truth about Dick, however, as soon as she was well enough to bear it, for her questions well enough to bear it, for her questions had called for answers which could not be denied. And after he had replied al be denied. And after he had replied armost harshly to the one appealing letter she wrote him he had to be left to go his own way. Once he sent home money; but this was promptly posted back again, and his mother and sister heard

from Lionel Macaire's secretary no more.

But Macaire was not in ignorance of Winifred's movements, and they all coincided well enough with his wishes. The only thing he did not know of her doings was the episode of the masked minstrels, was the episode of the missed missters, and her brief "partnership" with Hope Newcome. He saw no reason to believe that her acquaintance with Newcome had been more than his new protege admitted—a few words of gratitude for championship of her cause near the stage-door of the Duke of Charence's Theater, so long ago. and perhaps a meeting when Newcome had found his way to the flat to engage Dick Gray as

This method of securing Dick had been carefully planned by Macaire, however, so that, in case Winifred had remem-bered handsome, picturesque Newcome with admiration, he would be stained

black in her eyes for ever.

The millionaire knew her feelings towards himself well enough to be sure that if Newcome were associated with him in her mind he would at once become hateful to her. He had exacted Newcome's promise to preserve the se-cret of their bargain, so that their ac-quaintance should not be prematurely known; and then, Dick once engaged as his secretary, he had opened the bag with a malicious chuckle that the cat

might spring out.

Once or twice, during the short interval that Winifred was left alone in the flat between her brother's going and her mother's homecoming, the desire for a desperate coup had haunted him, beating about in his head like a great moth round a flame; but he had put it away for three sufficient reasons. In the first lace Winifred would at such a time, af place, Winifred would at such a time, after her late experiences, he on her guard; in the scccrd, the failure of such a scheme would be fatal to others in the future; while in the third, and most important place of all, the purpose for which he had taken Dick to live in luxury in his house was in a fair way of being accomplished; and its successful accomplishment would surely give him Winifred revence and triumph, all in Winifred, revenge and triumph, all in

willired, revenge and triumph, all in the grasp of one outstretched hand. Meanwhile, he amused himself by throwing bait which Dick Gray was the mususpecting fish to snap at, and in watching the Baron von Zellheim's sucyoung man whom he had introduced, and at the romantic stories regarding him. He laughed to see how well the new baron played his part, and, more than all, he laughed at the thought of the surprise he had in store for everybody, including his protege, at the end of the stipulated six months.

With all his wealth Macaire had not

With all his wealth Macaire had not een able to gain an undisputed footwith all his wealth Macaire had not been able to gain an undisputed foot-hold in the most exclusive set, though he had lent money to lesser Royalties, and in consequence secured them for his dinner-parties. But Baron you Zellheim was more fortunate in this regard. In a few months he did what Macaire had not been able to do in years. A great lady who tolerated the millionaire took a fancy to the young Baron von Zell-heim, and his way was made easy. His title, but an insignificant one, though the pride of an old German family, was not disputed, or, if disputed, only enough talked about to make him a piquant personality; and he was invite everywhere—to many houses, indeed where Macaire had never been asked un

where Macaire had never been asked until the handsome young man in his gratitude obtained him a welcome.

Nobody, not even Macaire himself, dreamt of the true reason of the "Baron's" insatiable fondness for society, his eagerness to make new acquaintances among the mighty ones of the land. But there was such a reason beneath all the there was such a reason beneath all the young man's actions, deep under the surface as some currents in the sea, and as darkly hidden. If it had not been so he would not have had heart or courage, after the loss of his love, for the life into whose vortex he had thrown himself.

He went wherever it was fashionable to go, wherever he was likely to meet people intent on the spending of much money for their own pleasure, and he stayed nowhere long; he seemed postayed nowhere long; he seemed pos-

or in the Riviera; but his visits (save

amusing themselves in a place, and the personages in whom alone he appeared nterested were English, or at least Eng-

lish-speaking.

Baron von Zellheim had the reputation of being a very rich young man, not be-cause he had ever said that he was rich, but because he lived luxuriously and was a great friend of Macaire, who found the society of most poor men too dull, and because Macaire had hinted at his protege's wealth.

protege's wealth.

And this was another cause of laughter to Macaire; for he had the best of reasons for knowing exactly what the Baron's income was, on what it depended and how long it would last. He rather liked Hope Newcome, though he was jealous of his strength, his youth, and his good looks; nevertheless, he looked forward to the day which he had set for the great crash—the day on which society should see how it had been fooled: the day on which F. E. Z.'s friend" would learn what the early of F. E. Z. had done for him.

Though the scheme in which Dick

the leading marionette worked well, it worked slowly, and to hurry it on Ma-caire at last decided that the long-talked-of trip to Monte Carlo should be ındertaken

number of very young men in a fast set to dine with him, and he entertained them afterwards by what he called "slumming." Having plied his guests with so much wine of many kinds that the world floated before their eyes in a haze of rainbow colors, he took them to at Winifred's music-hall they behaved so uproariously that they would have been turned out by the po-lice had they been persons of less im

When Winifred appeared, Macaire led the applause, which his friends kept up so stormily that the poor girl was obliged to stand silently waiting for it to cease, conscious that Macaire was staring at her and that all the audience saw him stare. If Dick had not been at home in Park lane getting ready for the ourney next day, even his anger might have been excited against the man who

could do no wrong.

The trip to Monte Carlo was to be made in Macaire's steam yacht, which was supposed to be the second largest, the second handsomest, and the first in peed, on the seas. The millionaire took among these were several women more conspicuous for beauty than dignity, and not too particular to flirt a little with Dick Gray when for the moment there was no better way of keeping their was no l hands in.

Every night after dinner they played poker, or bridge, or ecarte, in the beauti-ful cabin of the yacht, and stakes were high. Dick was asked to join, and could not bear to refuse. Fortunately for him, Macaire had made him one or two pres-ents, and, besides, luck was often with him; still, to play as the others played subjected him to a severe nervous strain.

Then came Monte Carlo, and—the be ginning of the end. Life for Dick Gray began to be a brilliant dream, a delirium Where everybody had plenty of money he lost his head, and fancied that he had he lost his head, and fancied that he had plenty, too. Macaire encouraged him in the fancy, and finding that the gambling-rooms fascinated his secretary, he told him to "go in and win, and be a good-plucked one." Beginners were always lucky. Who knew but Dick would break the bank, like that chap Wells, a few years ago? What was a sovereign here or there, when there was any fun here or there, when there was any fun to be had? He would see that Dick

didn't come to grief.

Thus cheered into the thick of the fray, Dick let himself go, and ceased to resist the maddening excitement which resist the maddening called song.

Rouge et Noir was the game which held him its willing slave, for he had evolved a system which worked well for a time. He won two hundred pounds in a couple of days, and as Macaire seemed to have forgotten that Dick was merely his secretary and not a guest with the others, there was plenty of time to spend in testing the system. But one hight it failed - failed unaccountably The two hundred pounds melted away like gold in a furnace. Dick's small savings from what he had made on board the "Diavola" followed, until, with his last three pounds, luck began again to change. He staked on red, and red work on black, the same thing happened. He grew excited, and lost his all, but he was sure this was because in his confusion of mind he had forgotten the system. In he only had something to go on with!

Then he remembered that in his pocket.

would take it to be repaired. It was supposed, his employer had said, to bring luck to its possessor, and he was rather superstitious about the thing, having carried it with him in his pocket for years. Still, judging from Macaire's lone and indifferent way of handing it over to him for repairing. Dick did not believe that the millionaire really attached great importance to the fetich. The young man searched in his pocket, and brought out in his hand a very cur-

and brought out in his hand a very eu

It was an exact representation of the sphinx's head, exquisitely carved from single large Egyptian moonstone, hole ng in its depths a marvelous blue ligh adiant, clusive, like a soul imprisoned i radiant, clusive, like a soul imprisoned in the stone and striving to escape. Un-derneath was a small gold screw, by which the luck-giving talisman could be fastened into the coat or the pocket of the wearer for safety; and it was the screw which had been broken.

"I wonder if the bank would lend me anything on this?" thought Dick. "I could get the thing back in a few min-utes, for I feel I should have luck, if I only had the chance. And supposing I

only had the chance. And supposing I should muff it, why. I need merely pretend that the jeweler hadn't finished his work till I could reclaim it. Macaire's such a good-natured fellow he wouldn't cut up rough at a little de

Dick regretted the roll of bank-notes with which Macaire had entrusted him

the day before to buy various more or less useless odds and ends that the millionaire fancied he wanted. The secretary had had forty or fifty pounds of his employer's in his pockets when he walked into the Casino last time, and, indeed, now he thought of it, Macaire had often thrust money upon him since coming to Monte Carlo. He had always faithfully disposed of it by carrying out the comdisposed of it by carrying out the com-missions, and last night's care had been no exception to the rule, for he had ex-pended the money, according to instruc-tions, the first thing in the morning. But now he wished that he had not been

in such a hurry.

Macaire had encouraged him to try
his luck at the gaming tables, and had
said that he wouldn't "see him come to said that he wouldn't "see him come to grief." Very likely he had meant his secretary to have plenty in his pocket, in case of emergencies, and had been too tactful to speak out bluntly. At all events, Dick thought now, in his almost frenzied desire to go on, that he would have "chanced it," had the money still been in his possession. In all probability he would have been able to replace it at once with his own winnings, and if not, he could have gone frankly to Macaire, confessing that he had borrowed some-thing which he would repay out of his

With the moonstone Sphinx, of course, it was different. If he could pledge it and obtain a few pounds to go on with now, and should be so very unfortunate as not to be able to redeem it to-night would not care to confess what he had done to Macaire. He would get it back when he could, which would cer-tainly be soon, at worst, for it did not seem to him a thing worth more than ven or eight sovereigns at most.

He was shy of doing what was in his mind to do, not knowing whether he might be rebuffed or not; but as he stood not far from the table where he wished to be, gazing doubtfully at the moonstone and calculating its value, a voice addressed him in French. Looking up with a start he saw that the speaker an elderly Parisienne, with bistre under her sunken eyes, rouge on her haggard cheeks, and a handsome, poppyred evening dress emphasizing the ema-ciation of her flours

Dick was not a French scholar, but he had learned the language with Winifred when they had both been children, and he could understand enough to hold his

"Pardon me, monsieur, but that is a very charming ornament you have there," the lady in poppy color was re-marking. "Quite unique. Will you alnarking. "Quite unique. Will yo ow me to look at it more closely? eat fad is uncommon jewels of all Dick held out his hand, and a dyed

bed, sparkling with diamond combs and pins, was bowed over it. The lady did not attempt to touch the moonstone, as he had feared she might, but peered at it through her lorgnettes as it lay in his alm, crying out at its beauty.
"It is for luck, madame," Dick in

rmed her.
"I thought it must be a fetich," she "I thought it must be a letten, she responded. "Intrinsically, perhaps, the jewel may not be worth more than five hundred francs" (Dick was astonished at so high an estimate), "yet the workmanship is perfect, and the stone has a rare light. How I wish that your talisman were for sale, monsieur! I would give you in reason—what you liked to give you-in reason-what you liked to give you—in reason—what you liked to ask, that I might add it to my collection and also use it as a rival to my lukky pig" (laughing, she held out a golden pig, with ruby eyes), "which has basely betrayed me to-night."

"I don't see how I could very well sell it." stammered Dick, "though I was just wondering if I could raise money on the thing."

Perhaps the lady's experienced eyes

Perhaps the lady's experienced eyes had read some such purpose in his before addressing him.

"That would, I fear, be impossible here." she said. "I know the rules well; I confess to being an old habituee. Monsieur, if you will sell me the moonstone (I do not care for the gold screw with the initials; you could keep that), I would give you, this minute, one thouwould give you, this minute, sand francs. It is far more It is far more than you

could get from a jeweler."
Dick's face flushed and he bit his lip, his eyes traveling wistfully to the pocket-book studded with gold and French

notes which the lady in red was producing from a brocaded silk bag that hung at her waist.

Suppose he did sell the moonstone:
He could tell Macaire that he had lost it, and Macaire would believe him, espe cially if he kept the screw, which would be good evidence that the sphinx's head had come off. Macaire would not mind much; he would be sure to forgive, and 'It doesn't matter.'

With a thousand francs to stake all the bad luck of this evening could be re-trieved. Something told him that it "All right, you can have the Sphinx."

he said, abruptly.

And the deal was closed. The lady had the jewel; Dick had the money; and the "something" which whispered hopefully of luck to come did not add that with the changing hands of the moon stone his future, his sister's future, an

CHAPTER XXXIII.

What the Light Showed. Dick's spirit of prophecy had been a ecciving spirit. He lost his thousand

Next morning Macaire said: "By the way, that moonstone Sphinx's head I gave you to have repaired. When will it

The question came so abruptly, and the millionaire's look, to his secretary's stricken conscience, seemed so keen, that Dick grew confused, and instead of say. ing that he had lost the moonstone, and

work for a day or two.

"Next time you're out just step in and tell him it will be a favor to me if he can let me have the thing to-morrow."

The fact is, I feel quite lost without it," said Macaire; and Dick felt a sensation of coldness and weight in his breast.

Last night nothing had senged of in.

of coldness and weight in his breast.

Last night nothing had seemed of importance, except to get money; and his employer had appeared to care little more for the moonstone than for lifty other valuable odds and ends which he dung recklessly about, or even gave to Dick or his valet, if the mood seized him. Dick was very much frightened, and could settle himself to nothing all day.

In the afternoon Macaire asked him if he had been to the jeweler's yet.

"No," faltered Dick. "The fact is, 1—" He was on the point of beginning his made-up tale concerning the loss of

iewel when the millionaire broke in perience of him showing anger.
"By Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I can't

get anybody to remember my wishes. What jeweler has the stone? I'll go to him myself."
Dick grew hot and cold. "No, no, Mr. Macaire," he implored. "I haven't forgotten, really. I was busy. I will go at once."

at once."

He went out into the street, not knowing what he should do. He had cut the ground away from under his own feet now, committing himself to the statement that he had made. Next time they met, if he could not satisfy Macaire that he had been to the jeweler's, the millionaire would insist upon having the man's name, and Dick would stand discredited

what—what?

Suddenly he thought of the woman who had bought the jewel. If he could offer her the thousand francs she had paid, and at the same time throw himself upon her compassion, she might be induced to sell the moonstone back again. But first he must get the thousand francs, and then he

Having accomplished no more than evolving this plan, he returned to the hotel, where Macaire had taken several of the best suites for himself and his friends, since it had not been considered convenient to spend the nights on board

'Well, have you been to the jeweler? Macaire called from his private sitting room as Dick would have passed the

"Yes," answered the young man des perately. "He will try to have the Sphinx's head ready by to-morrow

Ten minutes later Macaire went out having shouted a request that Dick would write three or four letters for him

would write three or four letters for him while he was away.

Dick knew what his employer wished him to write, and sat down at his desk in the sitting-room, which Macaire had left open. The millionaire was noted for his careless ways, and to-day he had left lying on the desk a roll of English banknotes.

Dick looked at them, fascinated, then drew the roll towards him and began counting it over. There were twenty ten-pound, six five-

ound notes-two hundred and thirty pounds in all. Macaire was certain not to have taken the numbers, he had never been known to do such a thing, and money flowed like water through his hands. In all probability he was not aware how much this fat roll contained. If several notes were abstracted he would not be the wiser; or even if he did discover his loss, after leaving the money lying out on his desk, he would not know whom to blame. One of the hote servants would be suspected; but it would be unfair, in such circumstances o make an accusation.

Feeling faint and sick, Dick selected five ten-pound notes, huddled them away in his pocket, and pushed the roll back into the place where it had lain. Luck-ily he had finished the letters first, for

vriting a single line. He had taken the first step; now for the second. And, hurrying out, he went to the Casino, hoping to find there the purchaser of the jewel, who had seemed to be a keen gambler, and had said that she was an "old habituee of Monte Car-

To his joy he presently spied her, absorbed in the game. His heart leaped up as he saw on the table beside her win nings the sphinx's head, evidently in us

He tried to speak, but she motioned

He tried to speak, but she motioned him away; she was not to be interrupted. Again and again he implored her attention for a moment, but she flashed out at him in angry French that she would complain; she would have him removed if he disturbed her.

She was quite capable of keeping her word, and, fearing a scene, Dick was forced to wait upon her convenience. Time dragged on while he despaired; but at last madame was satisfied, and thought, perhaps, of her dinner. Gathering up her winnings, which were considerable, she turned from the table and to Dick. She was a different woman now—soft and agreeable in manner as if she soft and agreeable in manner as if she had never threatened vengeance was it that monsieur wanted? Had he another jewel to sell?

Dick explained that his desire was to

Dick explained that he first the contrary effect. But at the first words the hard, painted face grew harder. The lady was sorry that monsieur regretted disposing of the fetich, but she could not think of giving it up. Already had brought her great luck. No, there which it had brought her great luck. No, there was no price he could name for which she would change her mind.

The unhappy young man poured arguments upon her; he had reason to believe the jewel had been stolen by the

person who gave it to him; there would be trouble for madame. But Madame would risk it, so she replied with a smile

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and the glint in her eyes caused Dick to

and the gifft in her eyes caused Dick to regret this last suggestion. He feared that she might leave Monte Carlo. Nothing that he could say would move her, and she airily remarked that if mon-sieur persecuted her by following to her hotel she would certainly appeal to the realize.

Dick was in a worse plight than be-fore, for now he was doubly a thief and a failure. He determined that he would replace the money he had taken, since it had not availed his purpose, and would concoct the best story he could about the loss of the moonstone, saying that he had not confessed at first hopthat he had not confessed at first, hop this time Macaire and his guest

By this time Macaire and his guests would be dining, for Dick was very late. Feeling certain of this, he went straight to the millionaire's sitting-room, which was apparently deserted and in semi arkness. It was now the last of April, ut as it was past eight o'clock the ight was falling in deep blue dusk. Dick stepped softly into the room, and

groping his way to the desk which was near the window, felt for the roll of bank-notes, upon which—if it was in the place he had first seen and left it—he knew exactly where to put his hand. But suddenly the room was flooded with electric light; and, dazzled and blinking, Dick saw Macaire standing with a finger and thumb still on the electric button which had in the electric button which he had just turned.

On the man's hideous face was a look which Dick had never seen before—a look that was fiendish.

look that was fiendish.

"I was right, then; you are a thief," he said. "You whom I have made my friend. You have stolen my money."

Dick could not speak. His lips fell apart, his eyes stared.

"When I went out this afternoon I left on this desk a roll of bank-notes which I intended to devote to a certain purpose," Macaire went on. "There were two hundred and thirty pounds exactly. I had not been gone an hour when I remembered the money, and where I had put it. I should have thought it was safe, as I knew you would be writing letters at the desk, had I not heard while I sate, as I knew you would be writing let-ters at the desk, had I not heard while I was out a thing which gave me a shock and opened my eyes. You told me that you had taken my moonstone to a jew-eler's, but a friend of mine who knew what it was like saw it at the Casino in the hands of a Frenchwoman, who was using it for luck. Knowing that I valusing it for luck. Knowing that I valued the thing, he asked the woman where she got it, and was informed that she had bought it last night of a young Englishman who wanted money for the game. Now, Gray, what have you to say to that?'

"I—I—" stammered Dick, like a school-boy arraigned by the master, "I mean! to tell you. It was done in a moment of impulse."

"A moment of impulse!" sneered Macaire. "And it was in a moment of im-pulse that you took fifty pounds from the roll of money on my desk, relying on my carelessness, or meaning perhaps to put the theft on a servant" caire.

to put the theft on a servant."
"Who—who dared to say that?"
"No one has said so. But you should have thought of your mother and sister."
"I must have been mad. For Heaven's

"I must have been mad. For Heaven's sake, have mercy."
"None of that conventional cant, if you please. But you speak of your mother and sister. On one condition, and one only, will I spare you the punishment you deserve."
Dick's eyes, strained and bloodshot in his agony, grew bright.
"Tell me what it is and I'll do it—I'll do anything."

"It's not for you to do. I'll give you

time to write home and get an answer by telegraph. If Winifred Gray cares enough for her brother to save him, she "You want her to intercede for me?"

"I want her to buy you off."
Dick grew pale. "You mean—"
"I mean this. Two weeks from to-day

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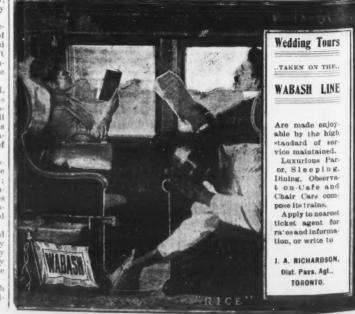
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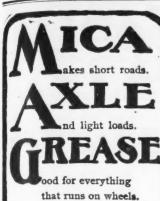
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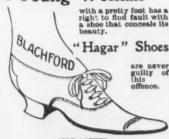
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A Young Woman



you to think over your ingratitude in

"Oh, if that is all," cried Dick, "she

"Oh, if that is all," cried Dick, "she would do that, and more, for me, I know —for mother's sake, if not mine. But it is so strange that you should wish—" "That's my affair and hers," broke in Macaire. "Write now; tell her what you have done, and what I mean to do. Tell her I will only wait to act until she wires her answer. Whether you are disgraced for life, as you richly deserve to be, or whether you are spared, depends oe, or whether you are spared, depends entirely upon her decision. Sit down now and write. Make this clear to her. And when you have written your letter I will read it."

Dick half fell into the chair at the desk to which Macaire pointed, and, taking up a pen with fingers that shook almost too much to hold it, he began to almost too much to hold it, he began to write. As he wrote, bowing his face over his task, a tear or two fell on the letter, raising round blisters on the thick, creamy paper. He had always had the gift of writing, and now, after the first effort of beginning, he became eloquent, impassioned, in his appeal. He painted a terrible picture of his future as it would be if Winifred failed him, and he strove to show what a small thing, after all, was exacted of her by the eccentric whim of Lionel Macaire.

all, was exacted of her by the eccentric whim of Liouel Macaire.

When he had signed himself her repentant and distracted brother, loving her, hoping alone in her, while on the verge of madness, he gave the letter to Macaire, who read it slowly.

"That will do." the latter pronounced at last. "She will get this the day after to-morrow. The same day you ought to receive her telegram. Meantime, I advise you to have an illness and keep to your room."

You will allow me to do that?" Dick

"You will allow me to do that: Disk stammered.
"Till the wire comes; then we shall see. But I warn you, there is no use thinking of giving me the slip. The 'in-valid' will be watched too carefully for

"There will be watched too carefully for that. And an attempt would only make matters worse for you in the end."
"There will be no such attempt," said Dick. "I promise."
Macaire sneered at him. "As though I'd take your word after what's happened! I shall have more than your promise to depend on. I'll post this letter. Now go to your kennel, like the whipped dog you are."

All Dick's blood seemed tingling in his face. His impulse was to strike and avenge this last insult: but his hand fell even as it elenched for lifting. The awful look in Macaire's marred face cowed him as if, indeed, he had been a whipped dog.

Turning without another word, he went to his room, Macaire following as far as the first threshold to watch him

far as the first threshold to waten nim down the passage.

In quietness and darkness, with his door locked, he walked to the window that looked out upon the garish brightness of the rock-set town, blazing like a triple necklace of jewels against the blue velvet and gauze of sea and sky. If he chose—and dared—he might throw himself headlong out, and all would be ended. But no, he would not do that. He did not wish to die, leaving such a legacy of shame to his mother, for whom he did not wish to die, leaving such a legacy of shame to his mother, for whom he
longed now with a boy's homesick longing. She loved him dearly still, in spite
of all, and there was nothing she could
not forgive. That was the way with
mothers. And Winifred would rescue
him—Winifred, who had been partly
right about Macaire, after all.

As he stood gazing miscrably out upon

right about Macaire, after all.

As he stood gazing miserably out upon
the crowds of light-hearted people, whose
merriment mocked him, there came a
quick knock at the door. Dick went to
it and listened for a few seconds, expecting he scarcely knew what; then in a
low voice he demanded who was there.

low voice he demanded who was there. "It's I—von Zellheim." came the answer; and with a hopeful leap of the heart Dick unlocked the door.
"Thank Heaven you're here!" he exclaimed when Hope Newcome was with him and the key turned again.
It was dark in the room, but Dick turned on the light, and Newcome uttered an ejaculation at sight of the younger man's face.

unger man's face.
"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.
"Haven't you heard anything from

"Haven't you heard anything from Macaire?"

"No. I haven't seen him yet. I'm just from the train—straight from London. I asked for the number of your room, for I wanted a talk with you before I saw anybody else. You look rather queer. I hope you aren't ill, or have had bad news from home."

There was something so strong and dependable in the personality of this tall, dark young man in travelling dress, that Dick's miserable, homesick heart

David and Goliath.

Business.

When medicine fails, they sometime send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take, and then get well

then get well.

A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to go to California for her health. She says: "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervous-ness was her principal trouble, and with others of kindred nature, made life for her a burden.
"On the occasion of her last visit!

begged her to give up the use of coffee and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be made. After that I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

"We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month her nervousness had left her, and in three months she was a new woman in face,

months she was a new woman in face, figure, and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous, and I believe this is the case with many others. She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. ried within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



"Your circulars," complained the early arrival at the seaside resort, "say that some new and important changes have been made in your hotel, yet it seems just as it did las year."
"My dear sir," answered the proprietor, "have you not noticed that the clerk has his diamond reset and parts his hair on the side instead of in the middle?"

went out to him. The need of confession, the desperate longing for someone to stand his friend, broke down the barto stand his friend, broke down the barriers of shamed vanity which would have hedged round the secret of his guilt; he blurted out the story of his own folly, leaving nothing untold save only the condition that Macaire had made. Instinctively he knew what Newcome's feelings would be at having a girl like Winifred dragged in. He was afraid that Newcome might even try to prevent Winifred from accepting Macaire's terms. "Macaire threatens to call in the po-

Wendred from accepting Macaire's terms. "Macaire threatens to call in the police and charge me as a common thief." he said, "and all for sheer spite. He's got his money, and as for that wretched bauble, who would have dreamed, with all the jewelry which he throws about, that he cared a rap for it? But oh, von Zellheim, if there was any way of getting the thing again. You used to be friendly with Winnie. You'd take some trouble for her sake still, perhaps, though she's treated you so badly, if only to show that you don't bear malice. You're such a good-looking chap, and have such a way with you, that you can do anything with women. For Heaven's sake try to see this old hag who made a fool of me, and get the moonstern Shipvy', beard."

made a fool of me, and get the moon-stone Sphinx's head—"
"What!" exclaimed Newcome, with a sudden start. "Macaire's jewel—that you sold—is it a blue moonstone carved into a Sphinx's head, with a gold screw underneath, engraved with the initials

"You've seen it, then?" cried Dick,
"No: but I'd give much to see it,
Have I described it rightly?"
"It's exact. The screw with the initials in little letters at the top is in
my pocket. The she-fiend didn't care for
it." "You've seen it. then?" cried Dick.

"Let me look." said Newcome. "And I'll promise you to get that Sphinx's lead if I move Heaven and earth to do

it."
"Heaven bless you!" ejaculated Dick.
"I hope it will. But it's a selfish wish.
I came to England to find the man who had that Sphinx's head. I came from England to Monte Carlo to see if Lionel was that man."
(To be continued.)

AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.



HE first volume of a new and noteworthy publication, "Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Af-fairs," being the volume for 1901, has just been issued. The editor is Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, well known as a publicist on Canadian and Imperial subjects. Messrs. Morang & Co. have shown commendable and characteristic enterprise in undertaking the publication of a work which, however needed and however welcome, can searcely be as profitable, at least for many years to come, as many other classes of books. For this new work all the matter must be spemany other classes of books. For this new work all the matter must be specially prepared and of exclusive character, and the services of an editor and staff will require to be devoted almost steadily to the gathering of data for the yearly volume; in addition, the entire cost of mechanical production—composition, proofreading, press-work, etc.—must be borne by a 'single Canadian edition, not spread over several markets, as in the case of works of like substantial character, first produced in England or in the United States and imported either finished or partly so into the Canadian market. It can therefore bunderstood that Messrs. Morang have undertaken considerable liability in venturing to provide Canadians, and foreign readers interested in Canadian affairs, with an exhaustive and creditably made with an exhaustive and creditably made annual of this sort, and their confidence in the project is deserving of cordial sup-

The first volume has 540 large octavo pages, inclusive of indexes, and covers in a most thorough manner a great variety of topics, subdivided under the following heads: Governments of the Empire in 1901; Governments of Canadian Provinces; Members of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada; Daily Newspapers in Canada; Canadian Agriculture; Mineral Development; Forests and Fisheries; Manufacturing Industries; Trade and Commerce; the Finances of Canada; Canada and the Crown; the Royal Tour of Canada; Canada and the War; Education in Canada; Transportation Interests; Population The first volume has 540 large octave

and Immigration; Government and Poli Financial Interests: Canadian Obit for 1901; and, lastly, very com uary

In the first volume it has been nece In the first volume it has been necessary to traverse some ground prior to 1901 in order to make the treatment of all the subjects intelligible. This undoubtedly adds somewhat to the bulk of the work; and if a single serious criticism can be offered upon Mr. Hopkins' handling of his matter, it must be that it is too comprehensive and voluminous. Greater treatment I venture to think. Greater terseness, I venture to

Greater terseness, I venture to think, will be desirable and necessary in future volumes of the work.

Mr. Hopkins' pronounced political leanings are well known; but it is fair to say that he has not imported them offensively into these pages. In his preface he declares he has "sought to be absolutely impartial in political matters, dealing with all really important subjects and eliminating trivial and universe. dealing with all really important subjects and eliminating trivial and unimportant details." On the whole, he seems to have lived up to his good intentions in this respect. A fairly careful and searching examination of his treatment of many subjects affording dangerous scope for the display, consciously or unconsciously, of partizan feeling, serves to acquit him of any serious lapse from the path of impartiality. However, it does seem that he pays rather much attention to the opinions of party newspapers on both sides. But this, it appears, is a portion of the plan of the work.

The volume may be had in either cloth (\$3) or half morocco (\$4)

Emerson Hough's new book, "The Mississippi Bubble," is the story of one John Law of Lauriston, Scotland, who came to London when that burg was known "London-town," in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and was enabled the eighteenth century, and was enabled, by reason of ability for and study of finance, to render valuable aid to the controller of the financial policy of England, Montague, Chanceller of the Exchequer, founder of the Bank of England, and a board of such wise heads as Lord Somers, Keeper of the Seals; Sir Isaac Newton, mathematician, and John Locke, philosopher, An envergency meet. Isaac Newton, mathematician, and John Locke, philosopher. An emergency meeting of these five men is told of in an interesting chapter of the tale. Law is represented as being occupied while in such serious company with the problem of how he may meet a girl with whom he has fallen in love, just such thought matter as would work the brain of a counter-jumper to-day who had fallen captive to the charms of some Pompadour typist. Emerson Hough draws John Law as gambler who always "breaks the bank at Monte Carlo," as lover who hypnotizes a high-bred lady, as man who is cozened by a loose woman, as duellist (my faith! how one prays for an antique novel without a master-duellist!), who tries to put aside a fight because of more weighty matters, but, being unsuccessful, rushes at it, feither in the supplier of t a fight because of more weighty matters, but, being unsuccessful, rushes at it, finishes it off-hand, and never thinks of it again. Certainly Mr. John Law lifts one off one's feet. When, being outlawed, he goes to America and navigates the great River St. Lawrence, the great lakes and the Mississippi, his chronicletes loose his fancy and sails ahead in graphic style. The story does not lag. The tense moment when John Law and Sir Arthur Pembroke are awaiting the Sir Arthur Pembroke are awaiting the privilege of being sacrificed to their Indian captor's gods, while the courtesan, Mary Connynge, casts the lot for the choice of victims, gives one a thrill. Sir Arthur, however, goes over the Falls in the canoe, to placate the Iroquois deity

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and John Law lives to arrive in France, to inflate the bubble of speculation for the Regent, the dissolute Duc d'Orleans, the Regent, the dissolute Duc d'Orleans, to plunge France into a whirl of fortune-making, and to see her, in spite of his daring warnings to the Regent, victim-ized by that ever old, ever new foolishness of speculation. The love that met John Law at the threshold of the tale gleams here and there, just to show it still burns, however tricked and dishon-ored and the climay of the story will ored, and the climax of the story will afford some satisfaction to sentimental readers. Emerson Hough, a new-paper man in Chicago, has written a good story of a bad man, who was not without heroism, but whose deeds and words and of a bad man, who was not without heroism, but whose deeds and words and principles are all more than likely to land him in jail, where, in truth, he spends some anxious weeks during the story. The Mississippi Bubble part of the tale is a lurid era in France's degeneration, and is frankly told. It is, historically, the scheme to develop the fabulous resources of Louisiana and the Mississippi country, and was incorporated in 1717. The Regent's supper, when disreputable court beauties and dissolute nobles assemble to see the premier jewel of France placed by the Regent on the brow of Mary Connynge and hear instead John Law's denunciation of his erstwhile light o' love, is strongly and dramatically worked up. Mr. Hough struck an historic episode which should particularly appeal to his fellow-citizens who breathe in the atmosphere of "boom" with their Nestle's food. MeLeod & Allen have published this tale in Toronto, and some quaint and dainty illustrations and a striking and novel cover design add to its attractions.

Policeman Barney Flynn is a funny the following the book of erudition: well be claimed for it the well be claimed for it the well be claimed for it the well as to do. And that is to do. And that is

Policeman Barney Flynn is a funny fellow, just the most natural of Irish 'Bobbies," with a wife whose methods leave nothing to be desired. Mrs. Flynn leave nothing to be desired. Mrs. Flynn is as quick as her husband is deliberate in thought, and their confabs are ludicrous in the extreme. Every chapter of "Policeman Flynn's" experience is a side-light on the famous line in Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic opera. "The policeman's lot is not a happy one." Laws that don't work well, order books that convict the good policeman himself, smart Alees who guy him and a school teacher daughter who tutors him, burglars whom he can't convict and prisoners who entrap him, all these trials are comically related in the tale of Policeman Flynn, who sits down by the side of comically related in the tale of Policeman Flynn, who sits down by the side of Mr. Dooley in the court of Momus. The book is by Fliiott Flower, and the Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have published it in Toronto. The clever and sketchy illustrations are by Frederic Dorr Steele, and enhance the personality of Barney Flynn by their aptness and fun.

Library" put out by the Macmillans is that dealing with the upland game birds, and is by a Canadian writer, Mr. Edwin and is by a Canadian writer, Mr. Edwin Sandys, who has for some time been domiciled in New York in connection with his work upon the "Outing" magazine. Mr. Sandys had the task of writing this book upon short notice, and it must be said that he has acquitted himself well, and fully justified the confidence placed in him by the editor of the series. The various chapters deal in frank and breezy manner with the habits and peculiarities of the better known game birds of our covers or fields, the bob white quail, the different grouse, the woodcock, the plover, the wild turkey, etc., with chapters also upon the

less generally popular game birds, such as the mourning dove, the sandhill crane, the ptarmigan, and others. The author's handling of his themes is brisk, breezy, almost boyishly enthusiastie; which is good in that it brings us the taste of the outdoor air. His experiences would appear to have been most largely in the north, the east, and the northwest, partly or largely upon Canadian soil; but for the most part he writes out of a personal participation in the scenes described—although not always, as one must believe. Aside from its conventional Latin, it does not pretend to be a book of erudition; yet there may well be claimed for it the flavor of the well be claimed for it the flavor of the sky and fields and woods with which it has to do. And that is far better for the purposes in hand than erudition, or even than thoroughness. So far as I an even than thoroughness. So far as I am aware, this is the first time Mr. Sandys has been between covers. He has not yet fully differentiated the journalistic from the literary art, the making of magazine stories from the making of broad and simple special treatises wpon a series of kindred topics; yet certainly his work shows valuable marks of promise. He has the love and enthusiasm, and he has the touch.—Emerson Hough in the Chicago "Tribune."

Ralph Connor, who is a "find" of the "Westminster," and whose "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," and "Beyond the Marshes," all appeared first in that paper, opens a new course of his injuitable sketches in the series of his inimitable sketches in the "Westminster" this month, entitled "Glengarry School Days," in which the fortunes of Hughie Murray are taken up. It is in sketch work of this kind that Ralph Connor excels, and his readers are promised a rare treat, and the "Westminster" in its new form has in this, as in other features, great attrac-tiveness to Canadian readers.

"St. Margaret's Chronicle."

We are in receipt of the midsummer number of the "St. Margaret's Chroni-cle," the entire contents of which are the work of the young lady pupils of St. Margaret's College. The number—a hand-some thirty-page booklet, in yellow cov-er—centains many short stories, some of which show distinct literary apprecia-tion; and these, together with attractive cuts of scenes in and about the college, as well as short paragraphs of college as well as short paragraphs of college gossip, make up a very creditable ladies' college publication.

Shop Talk.

It was midnight in the machine-shop, and all was silent until the rasping voice of the file was heard to say:
"I have rubbed up against lots of hard things in my life, but this Harveyized steel job has completely worn me out."
"Well," said the lathe sympathetically, "I have done many a hard turn myself."
"Life is a great bore," supplemented the gimlet.
"A continual grind," put in the emerywheel roughly.

"A continual grind," put in the emery-wheel roughly.

"With many a broken thread," added the steam-pipe in hollow accents.

"Calm yourselves," advised the damiged dy wheel; "there may be a revolution soon."

"Don't mind him," said the soldering fluid acidly. "Everyone knows he is

fluid acidly. "Everyone knows he cracked." And in the confusion which followed the gas escaped,—"Judge,"

JE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. J

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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following terms One Year.

Three Months Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 15. TORONTO, JULY 19, 1902.

To Our Readers.

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OUTDOOR PASTIMES

HE making of a record is not the loose, haphazard thing that many people fairly well versed in sport ing events often suppose. The authentic records which now represent the greatest achievements in the athletic world are the bona fide results of the most careful timing of official timekeepers, conducted with scrupulous and minute attention to every detail; so that the figures which now indicate the best time in which the great events such as the 100 and the 220-yard dash, the quarter and the mile have ever been run may safely be taken as absolutely correct.

A writer in the current number of "Outing" talks en tertainingly of the recent marvelous performance of Arthur F. Duffy in the inter-collegiate games at Berkeley Oval, wherein this young athlete reduced the record for the 100yard dash to 9 3.5 seconds, said to be the fastest time in which the distance has ever been covered. The fifth part of a second seems a period of time so short as to be almost inconsiderable, and yet to lop ever that much off the 100-yard record has been the aim of sprinters for over a decade. A fifth of a second—surely, we think, the sprinter who could run a hundred yards in 9 4-5 could make one grand effort and bring the figures down to 9 3-5; and yet from the day, now nearly twelve years ago, when the young Westerner, John Owen, jr., surprised the crack Eastern runners by beating all competitors and bringing the record down to 9 4-5 sec onds, until May 31st last, that mark stood. Owen's performance was equalled many times, but not until the advenof Duffy was the distance covered in better time. All this would seem to presage the lapse of many years before the record is again lowered. All that can be done for an athlete in the way of training has no doubt been done for Duffy and until a greater than Duffy shall arise no further lower ing of the figures seems possible.

Speaking of records, in the water sports of the Toronto Swimming Club at the Island last Saturday, the American swimming record of 70 seconds for the hundred yards was equalled by Joe Wilson, the club's treasurer. Quite an interesting programme, consisting of fancy diving and life-saving practice, was watched by many visitors to the Island. In the game of water polo which concluded the after-noon's events the opposing sides were rather too unevenly exhibition, but with the rearrangement of players promised for future contests the game, which is really fascinating under almost all condi-tions, can hardly fail to furnish a very attractive spectacle.

As predicted, the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tourname on the R.C.Y.C. grounds proved the most successful in the bistory of the association. The weather throughout was almost ideal, and apart from the interest evoked by many exciting finishes, the good-fellowship prevailing amongs the contestants made the meet most enjoyable. The Walker trophy was captured by Mr. C. Boeckh's rink of the Canada Club, which won out from the Brampton rink skipped by Mr. J. N. Laird. In the Association game Mr. E. T. Light-bourne's Victoria rink was the winner, and in the Consolation event Mr. W. J. McMurtry of the Granites was successful. In the points competition Mr. F. J. Lightbourne stood first, with Mr. J. S. Moran and Mr. W. R. Hill tied for second place. for second place.

In the championship tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake Beals C. Wright of Harvard University won the championship of Canada. Miss Hague of Montreal the ladies' singles, and the brothers Beals C. and Irving Wright the men's doubles. The games were played on the courts of the Queen's Royal and attracted many spectators.

* * * Up to Saturday last the record of the Toronto Lacros-Club was all that could have been desired. Their allquering tour abroad, supplemented by decisive victorie over the decrepit harvest bands representing two Montre. clubs, was a beautiful thing to contemplate, and it seeme rude and inconsiderate in the extreme for those rough fe lows from Cornwall to so insist on monopolizing the handling of the ball as to quite alter Toronto's standing in the big league. They checked and slugged in such a harsh manner as to make Toronto sigh for the gentle games on the greens of old England, and wound up by scoring four

In a game at Montreal between the Nationals and the Montrealers the spectators were treated to a delightful alternation of scraps and alleged lacrosse. It has been suggested that future games between these two star aggregations be decided by "rounds," Marquis of Queensberry



CANADIAN SCENES .- V. THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

rules to govern. The Nationals were given the decision in Saturday's game.

In the Senior C.L.A. the four clubs are giving almost deal exhibitions of the national game. The Tecumsels were beaten at St. Catharines in a fast, clean game, and at Orangeville the home team only succumbed to Brantford after a hard-fought game wherein they are said to have been the victims of the most persistent ill luck.

Golf Must be Standardized.

PEAKING of the multiplicity of new golf balls, each warranted to be a good driver or unexcelled for approach shots, "Truth" observes that all these inventions are very interesting in their way, but they of golf. The long driver who can do his 180 yards gets little if any advantage from the new ball. The majority of links have been laid out to give the long driver an ad-vantage, but too great length would be just as likely to be short and indifferent drive. On the other hand, the moderate driver at once gets an advantage; ow-ing to his ball he will be on an equal footing with the long driver. His skill as a golfer has not increased. He can afford an expensive ball, and so he gets an advantage over his equals who are less affluent, and also over the long driver, who has to give him strokes on the handicap. then, the ball, and not the player, is to become the deter mining factor in a competition, it will be necessary to handicap a golfer according to the ball with which he is playing, just as cyclists were handicapped when they firs used pneumatic tires or highly-geared safeties. state of affairs would add another serious complicat the ordinary difficulties of the Handicap Committee. er serious complication to genius will have to calculate the advantage of the Haskell or Kempshall ball when played with by the mythical colonel, and the sum so arrived at will be the fixed penalty in al nandicaps for those who use the balls on those links. The same penalty would have to apply in all scratch competitions, whether championships or not. Either this will have to be done, or else there must be a standard golf ball adopted by St. Andrew's. The latter is the true and proper course to take. In cricket, bails, balls, wickets and bats are standardized. The inventive genius of the "American" cannot invent new cricket balls with bias or thumb-holes t bowler a grip and enable him to get on a spin The fact that all the tools of cricket have been reduced to standard and cannot be invented out of existence is, per-haps, one reason why the "Americans" never took kindly to the game. However, the "American" inventor has now made it quite possible to revolutionize golf by increasing

To Strike or Not to Strike?

HIS was the question discussed at the regular monthly meeting of the local circle of the International Horse and Mules Union. A list of grievances was prepared and unless the owners of horses make some effort in the next month to remove these causes of discontent strike will be ordered. This decision was reached after quiet but earnest discussion of conditions past and pre-sent. Several members pointed out that horses have almost always tried by hard work, patience and cheerfulness t gain proper treatment from their ewners, but, although great many horses are being well treated, many others are uffering from men's cruelty and neglect. Other members expressed sorrow at the necessity of striking against their owners, who were kind and thoughtful, but they saw no way out of the difficulty except a general strike. It was also pointed out that a strike to be effective must be declared before horseless conveyances became common The following are the demands made by the union:



The British Premier-Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

(1) A reasonable day's work, hay and a half to be allowed (2) Proper food and plenty of pure water at a tempera-

ture suited to the scason.

(3) Six consecutive days to be a week's work

(4) Hours of labor to interfere as little as possible with eeding and resting hours.

(5) All stables must be properly lighted, well ventilated, kept in a sanitary condition and at a suitable temperature. (6) The check-rein must be long enough to admit of free movement of the head.

(7) Horses must be left in possession of their tails.
(8) Incompetent driving and leaving a horse too long on the street to be punishable offences (9) Every horse to be allowed six hours per day, during

the summer, in a meadow.

(10) Special consideration must be given to sick and

Several other demands were suggested but not adopted The lady members made a vigorous kick at the style of bonnet now in use and were very anxious to require their owners to provide a new bonnet with bright-colored riboons, but as the rest of the union were thankful for a hat of any kind the suggestion was not entered on the list of grievances.

The members are willing to submit their trouble to rbitration, and ask the assistance of all lovers of animals n getting their demands satisfied. Accompanying the request for the assistance of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" was a large grant of thankfulness and appreciation for aid given by the society in the past.

A number of circus horses, members of various other unions, were much interested in the discussion. They promised the assistance of all the circus horses, and the active help, if necessary, of the whole menagerie. They realized that the wild animals lacked horse sense, but they assured the union that, from the monkey to the elephant, their sympathy would be with the strikers. They also reported that the other animals wished to have the strike declared at once, as their plan of action was complete and their stay limited to a week. The plan was as follows: During the street parade at a signal from one of the elephants the horses would stop. The elephants would at once set free the other animals, and the whole menagerie would play hide-and-go-seek, bear in the bush, the farmer's in his den several other strenuous games. The elephants would be delighted to play with wagons, street cars, trees, etc., and all the wild animals were simply dying to have a fight with the militia and the general public. They promised to give the greatest and liveliest free show on earth.

A great many colts in the union are longing for a strike t the older members would much prefer a peaceable settlement of what they claim to be reasonable demands Several horse owners were asked their opinion as to the possibility of a strike. Some had already granted their orses the conditions demanded by the union and wondered that the other horses had not kicked long ago; other owners seemed surprised at the proposed action of the union, their opinion being that anything was good enough for a horse. W. A. C.

A Bicycle Incident.

He was wheeling thro' the country, Beneath the shady trees; The day was pleasant, warm and clear-

A farm-house soon appeared in view And rapidly drew nigh; The occupants stood at the door To see the bike scorch by.

He passed the house at lightning speed And coasted down the hill, When a small fat pig strolled out upon The road and there stood still.

Too late to turn aside—he yelled! The pig was there to stay! It was a most pig-headed pig To stand there in his way.

A crash! a squeal! and pig and bike And cyclist all lay low. It was an awiul shame to hear Him bless(?) that poor pig so.

A parson coming up just then
Said, "My poor wounded brether,
You should not curse the pig like that—
You should love one another." F. BRUCE CAREY.

Shakespeare Shown Up.

The following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a genius in New South Wales: There is too much chinning in the New South Wales: There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and appears to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet cheeks his mother is a very bad ex scene where Hamlet cheeks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more sentiment and a fair share of variety business in his next piece. In the specialty arts of the play-scene he entirely missed his opportunities."

A Bright Woman's Letter.

Mount Baker Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

OU will see by the heading we have arrived at "the other ocean," and are much delighted with our trip. I do not mean to fill up this letter with geo. graphical facts—you can read them up much better in the (as R. called it) anointed time table. It might be better to ask for the annotated time table, but once having got it you can call it what you like. Well, to go back for a me Can can it was year and to our journey, the monotony of our trip through New Ontario was relieved by the arrival at a wayside station of a Yankee—one of the virulent type. He seemed very ill; a Yankee—one of the vitalent type. Schied very ill; the friend travelling with him was greatly agitated; our porter was all attention; even the conductor seemed concerned. They must have telegraphed ahead, for when we stopped-I think it was at Huntsville-a young doctor of callow appearance bolted on the train, bag in hand; could see him diagnose as he walked down the aisle of Pullman to where the patient (or victim) lay. By the time he got there he had made up his mind what to give him, and though the patient showed an inclination to describe how he felt, the doctor appeared to consider that superflu he felt, the doctor appeared to consider that superfluous, and hurriedly took two kinds of pellets and one powder from his bag, shoved all three hurriedly into the patient, left him a quantity to repeat the dose "after a while, say two hours, sir," picked himself up, shut his bag with a snap, told the patient that would fix him up he was sure.

"Oh, yes, the gentleman had paid him when he got on the and bounced out. Now, I was not consulted in this case, but I was taking

notes, and in my own mind thought the sick man might be recovering from a spree. However, he still had facult recovering from a spree. However, he still had faculty enough remaining after the doctor went out to say to his friend, "I'll take a Hutch as well," which he did, and before long relapsed into first slumber, then snores, which helped to make the car rock worse than ever. Finally he woke up so much better that I more than ever felt I understood his case!

Well, time passed, and in due course we reached Fort William, where we got out and admired the grain elevators as they were the most prominent feature of the landscape, stretched our legs by a ten minutes' walk; "all aboard." and we were off again once more.

We got to Winnipeg Sunday morning at six o'clock

There was a good reason for not applying the ten there to the same exercise as at Fort William. Six no time for walking, except in your sleep. We got our first glimpse of the prairies—I should not say we, for Mr. — had been over them twice before. They were wooded than I expected to find them. It was a fin shiny day; everything looked hopeful, but as we prog I could not help feeling the dreadful monotony of t with such surroundings, especially for women. F Macoun, the Government naturalist, from Ottawa. the train. He is on his way to the Yukon on work Government. He told us the effect of prairie life rible to some temperaments. The men have the intertheir occupation, come home at night too tired thing but sleep, but the poor women out on those des wilds—many go crazy. I heard of one child nine year who was brought to the city after her mother's death. and lived out of sight of a neighbor all her only sign of an outside world was when from her door she caught the swirl of an engine's smoke just against the horizon. By evening of Sunday we came a part of the prairie more devoid of trees—in fact, by clock at night you could see from one side to the the horizon with nothing but pasture land, an occasleugh, many dry, with grass-grown track the buffale made in his time, coming down to the waterside to These paths are still quite discernible; though now by grass the indentations remain, and as I looked zigzag course, so many of them, all to the same thought how we too cut our zigzag course in life to the edg of the stream that divides our life and across which traveller returns.

By Monday morning we got to Calgary, a thriving tow all bustle, electric light, and many signs of modern pr gressiveness. There was a great throng at the station sorts and conditions of men. The Bow River we made acquaintance with. A well named stream it is. flood at present owing to recent rains. wooded country seemed wonderfully picturesque after the

Nothing of great interest presented itself until reached the Rockies. Unfortunately about this time raset in and much of the effect was lost. But we forgave all when Old Sol shone out just as we got to the Ki Horse Pass. I could make lots of jokes about this pla before I saw it, but the awe as you sweep through at seems a rapid speed for such a place (hundreds above the gorge, with swift water running below masses of rock across the bank rising to immense snow-clad peaks, such wonderful light and knocks all the nonsense and flippancy out of you. could only gasp and wonder. The scenery contin and interesting, but nothing we saw in the Rockies in pressed me as the Selkirks. If I were as rich as H. P. an buying mountains, other things being equal. I should sa "Take the Selkirks." Before quite passing from the Kiel ing Horse Pass perhaps you might like to hear that at o point on the side of the rock can be seen the figure of norse and rider. That is why it is called the Kick Horse Pass. Like many a kicking horse I have met lore, I let it pass, but this time for the peculiar reason the although the news-agent, who sells photographs, tried ver hard to make us. I could not make it out. There woman, an English traveller, after a great deal of kicking saw the 'orse—as we all could see the pass she was com plete, and no doubt felt a satisfaction the rest of denied. The scenery continued from one marvel of to another all that day. On Tuesday morning we could the canons of the Fraser River. On the opposite from the railway you can still see where the old coact ran, and it seems incredible that any horse and could ever accomplish such a journey. The river is gable to Yale, but now the train takes the traffic aboats are discontinued. Yale, an important outfitting for miners at one time, is now only a way station some trains stop. Denald, once of like importance has no house you can see that preserves the conven windows or doors. We passed lots of miners' c within six feet of the railway track to their front d less than that to the top of the ravine, perpendicthree hundred feet below. I saw young children cabins. I suppose they were what remained from off." A lonely sight was the little graveyard off." A lonely sight was the little graveyard a many of these cabins, in some cases just at their near as a garden, if they had had one! I did not anything of the snow sheds, comparatively lately structed to overcome the difficulties and dangers by the snowslides from the mountain sides. From gineering standpoint they are very interesting:

g'neering standpoint they are very interesting, purely tourist point of view they are accepted.

We got to Victoria at 6.30 Tuesday night, exactly to the minute, as advertised. Some people object to precision as tiresome; for my part I like it, especially in railway official M. M. G.

The Love-Letter Craze.

"I suppose that work in sixty volumes is an encyclo-"No; it is called 'The Love Letters of a Mormos Flder,' "-" Smart Set."

Neither a reputation nor a fence can be strengthened y whitewash .- "Judge."

When a mug begins to kick at de rut he's in it's up 1 him for him to climb out. If he don't get a move on den de foist ting he knows de rut is so deep he can't cli out, nohow; and dat queers his noive. He just plays de add like a duffer, all his life.—Chimmie Fadden.

July 19,

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pieme as a means of recreation is pretty generally o ked upon as a bore. It is said to have just chough of civilization about it to be a nuisance and not enough of barbarism to make life seem a luxury. As a compremise an afternoon at Riverdale Parking rapidly into favor in Toronto. In addition to its ages in beautiful flowers, velvety lawns, shady walks say access from the city. Riverdale has the added ata zoo, and the zoo as a means of inducing the er to nag his parents into spending an afternoon at k is unrivalled. Hence it is that each succeeding day sees increasing crowds at Riverdale. Family with lunches neatly packed in pasteboard boxes, themselves on the grass and only leave when a greasy back numbers of the "Family Herald," broken egg shells, and stray slices of bread wherein the



The son and heir."

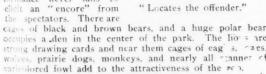
heir has wrought the contour of the horseshoe, marks the place where they have been. The young man in the white duck pants and "real Panama" hat who swelters through the afternoon with a handkerchie neatly tucked round his neck in an attempt to entertain his young lady friend goes home with a strawberry effect on each knee and the consciousness of a day well spent. To the small boy the old fascination of standing in front of a cage labelled "Do not feed or

the animals" and slyly poking the beast with a stick strong as ever, and the child's generous though perimpulse to share his lunch with the ferocious occupant cage is still apparent. The lion is made to roar disand the "Arctic polar bear" is induced to reach his paw through the bars only to be tantalized by the awal of the proffered treat.

e educational advantages of an afternoon at the zoo once apparent. Comparatively few people can claim we known prior to a visit there that a common, ordinecon can be properly referred to as the "Procyon r." or that simple little chipmunks can with perfect be called "Tamis Striata," Who of us would have gnized the "Sciurus Ludovicanus" if we had met it in ush, and yet that is the name that the cunning little are wearing through the hot summer weather. The theys at Riverdale, in spite of the fact that their cage belled "Macacus Rhesus," are evidently not exempt the small annoyances common to their species. They in-ionally have "bites." and it is the funniest thing imle to see one of these little fellows after scratching vigorously and

to find relief, sumbrother monk to him corner the in-The sufferer indiseat of the trable and the other goes ground very carefully, turning over hair at a time, until locates the offender. he pounces upon devours. This pernance never fails to it an "encore" from

after the



This week, however, the little Riverdale and ended in gloom. The untimely decease of Prince 18. ta, so young, so amiable and kind-has cast its bu' the entire zoo. Some time ago the Princess end to eat with other food an ordinary carpet tack. I ation of hay and other dainties that on Sunday night last she was seized with acute indigestion. Physicians we tily called in, and although the Princess was easily i



Dosing Princess Rita.

duced to absorb, among other remedies, a small keg of ed oil, she never rallied, and at three o'clock on Monmorning passed peacefully away. Her death is causing espread grief, and the faces of children by whom Prin-Rita had come to be looked upon as a personal friend, ss than those of the street railway officials, wear ex-

ions of settled melancholy.

Suggestions are constantly being made looking towards improvement of the zoo, and it is only a question of when Riverdale will have one of the best exhibits on continent. The ribald—or ryeballed—proposal to incontinent, this collection in the collection. some of this year's civic administration in the collect meeting with no little favor. There is a new cage ocess of construction next to the polar bear's, and, i freak, it is pointed out that this would be an idea for an exhibit of municipal "queer things." The stion is offered as worthy the careful consideration o ratepayer.



The light of Calm Resistance, night and day, Guides to the harbor of the Higher Way; Yet battered barques go sometimes drifting in Through sullen splendors of Remembered Sin ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY'S NEW RESIDENCE FOR GIRL STUDENTS. (Now being built.)

When Thompson-Seton's Ernest.

He loves the sparrow tame,
And the Johnny Bear so wild,
He doesn't know his name,
But he's Nature's happy child.

O you think he'll come?" said the Coyote.
"Of course," answered the Kootenay Ram impatiently, "doesn't he always come to see us fed? He's becoming too intense to suit me. I never did care for metaphysics. I'm like Kipling, I like men who do things. I'd have you know that I'm no mud died oaf.

Really, Krag, you're becoming too sensitive. I wish you'd turn the glare of your 'splendid amber eyes' in another direction. You needn't try any of your hypnotic tricks in this park."

"Hypnetism!" echoed the Pacing Mustang, with snort; "Krag doesn't know a thing about it. He's purely primitive—nothing but brute force."

'Last year," said Molly Cottontail, "I heard that Seton

'What's that?" inquired the Chickadee. "There's no such person. He told me himself that he's Mr. Ernest Scton

"Oh! Everyone knows that the Chickadee 'goes crazy nce a year.' You can't be in Ernest, you know," said But I insist upon it," said the Chickadee, angrily

Ask Silverspot. It's all over the woods."

"I'm airaid, my friends, that Chickadee is telling the ruth," said Silverspot, sadly, "but, after all, what's in

"If you quote that thing," said Bingo wearily, "I'll cur the crowd of you. It's bad enough for Ernest to confuse us in this way, just as we were beginning to feel acquainted."
"I always thought," continued the Pacing Mustang, "that the fellow had horse sense. But if he had consulted me about this change in the name of the firm, I should have said him neigh.

We mustn't judge him too hardly," said Chink. When a man gets rich he must have amusement. Some men take to yachting, some to the woods, and others take to studying the hyphens in the family. We're not proud, and we'll recognize him, even with an alias."
"Well," said Vixen, quietly, "here he comes, and we'd better treat him as if nothing had happened."

All these things had I heard from wild animals, which I had not known. They had been so absorbed in their discussion that I had gone unnoticed. But now, as I watched the Chaser of the Stag approach, I felt that it was well to have overheard the conversation of his friends, for there was a heavy cloud on his brow, and the burden of a double

was a heavy cloud on his brow, and the builden of a double name seemed to press sorrowfully upon his soul.

"Eh! What is this? You are not—"

"I am not one of them," I said, genially. "I've just been listening to a little conversation."

Were they discussing me?" he asked, eagerly.
"Well, yes. hTey weren't just sure about the name.

"I hoped they hadn't heard about it. But there's no oncealing anything in these days.' You are Mr. Ernest Th-

"Call me Ernie, if you want to be friendly. The papers let me alone.' 'Why don't you call yourself Hobo or Swab or Ringo? would be so effective and would seem to identify you

he rest."
"You don't understand," he said, crossly. "Seton is an ncient Scottish name-

and Thompson is just about as old, and a little more or non. But we'll read your books by any other name, and all hyphens look alike to me."

What is rost provoking is that this disturbance intereres with my work. Just as I am seated on a peak in Colrado, ready to sketch a bear or two, the telephone rings and Serion. s' want to know if Seton-Thompson is there. When I try to explain that it's Ernest Seton, they think I'm the wrag man. Then the 'Ladies' Home Journal' will ring up in a hurry for Mr. Sat-On-Thompson, and—"

"Then you really belong-"
"I'm the editor of the wild animals department, but I haven't a thing to do with heart-to-heart talks, with whirls. But the editor and I almost had a little misunderstand-

bout Mrs. Rorer's recipe "Well, she did think that my department ought to include her. No. I soothed her by giving the real and original hare soup prescription. But my later trouble was more serious. You see, I wanted to write a story about a South African antelope, so I called it 'The Sprightly Bok.' Edward, the editor, thought it was a personal insult, and "I'm sure you must find it a nice quiet place. But you

are writing another book, of course

"Just a sketch or two. At present I'm working on 'The Musings of a Mosquito.'"
"I suppose you'll bring out a swell—I mean a swollen

-edition, with tailpieces and little wings."

"Yes. The illustrations are so realistic that I can't keep from slapping them. It's a subject that spurs a writer on I am thinking of having some musician compose a song to go with it-you remember the mosquito's gentle, dreamy

"Then you can write a second sequel on 'Lunatics Have Launched.'" "That sounds very well. But I think I prefer to keep

to animals. I know them rather well by this time, and they have complete confidence in me. Even the donkey seems to cherish a kind of fellow feeling." You must be very busy."

"Rather. I'm going for a prowl with a panther to-norrow, and to-morrow night I expect to spend in writing few hundred words on woman's cruelty to the mouse Now, there isn't any real harm in a mouse. If you'll only think of what a pretty color it-

"Mr. Thompson-Seton-Ernest, I won't hear another word.

But it's a lovely little creature-so soft to the touch

"Er-r-rh! You awful man!"

"Er-r-h! You awill man!"

"There you go! I never knew a woman who could be rational. Now, if you'll—"

But I was far away, following the trail of the Anthill Nag.—J. G. in "Life,"

Chimmie Fadden on Co-education.

OBSOIVES," says Whiskers, when dey all had deir second cup, and was loaded for chin-chin, "I obsoives dat President Harper of Chicago is going to iail if he don't let de women have co-education. Dat is rot Women don't need no education, co nor con. Harper is to de good. De we want our daughters meddling wit de p'anets, fussing wit chemistry, bluffing at biologypoking spy glasses into de ribs of pollywogs to see where deir legs is coming? No! Let women be content wit learning de tree Ds: Deportment, Dressing, and Dining."
"Hear, hear!" says Mr. Paul. "More billing and less

Hear, near: says Mr. Faul. More bining and less biology; more cooing and less chemistry is what our women needs. Harper forever! Down wit de co-eds, up wit de stars! Give de boys a chance! Female competition is uniair. Hooray!" says he.

"Because you know no Western women you do not

now what you are talking about; neider of you," Fannie. "In de West women really care for real educa-tion. I met a lovely Western woman, and her two daugh-ters, once. De goils was to a co-ed, and just as hard at wolk getting a education, for fair, as any man ever was. If women care to get sauces of entertainment in deir heads instead of deir heels; if dey wants interests dat will keep

'em from being bored deir whole lives long, dey has a right for a chance at de game."

"For Heaven's sake, daughter!" says Whiskers, "haven't women colleges enough of deir own, witout butting into men's univoisities? filling up de class rooms so dat a boy can't find a seat except on some goil's skoit-which is no place to get a education!"

"Who's going to teach in de women's colleges, if wo-men is not let to go to men's univoisities?" says Miss Fannie. "Women will soon give up all dis croize for atletics, and den if we don't know notting else—which most of us don't—what on eart are we to do? If a woman isn't busy wit someting harmless, she's likely to be busy at someting dat isn't harmless. It does a goil less harm to know where a frog's legs come from, dan to know where dey go toespecial if soived wit champagne after de teeatre. She's sure to know one ting or de odder."

Some of Jules Verne's Predictions.

DO not think there will be any novels or romances at all events in volume form, in fifty or a hundred years from now," said Jules Verne in a recent interview. "They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already now taken such a grip of the lives of the recognition.

grip of the lives of the progressive nations."
"But the romance?" questioned the interviewer. "The novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological?"

They will all disappear," said M. Verne ot necessary, and even now their merit and their interes are fast declining. As historic records, the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to color everyday events so well, that to read them will give poster truer picture than the historic or descriptive nove

could do, and as for the novel psychological, that will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in your own lifetime."

Here M. Jules Verne got excited. "I am second to no living man," he cried, "in my admiration of the greatest psychologist the world has ever known—Guy de Maupassant—and he, like all true geniuses foresaw the trand of ant-and he, like all true geniuses, foresaw the trend human ideas and needs, and wrote his stories in the smaller

possible compass. Each one of De Maupassant's soul Studies is a concentrated lozenge of psychology. The De Maupassants who will delight the world in years to come will do so in the newspapers of the day, and not in volumes, and they will, as you newspaper men express it, crystallize the psychology of the world in which they live by 'writing up' the day-to-day events. The real psychology of life is in its news, and more truth—truth with a big T—can be gathered from the Police Court story, the railway accident, from the everyday doings of the crowd, and from the battles of the future, than can be obtained if an attempt is made to clothe the psychological moral in a garb of fiction."
"You mentioned battles. You do not think, then, that

in the fulness of time all war must cease?"
"No; I do not think so. Nature will always sway the

world, and it is man's nature to fight for supremacy, no natter how deadly the conflict may become."

Prophecy-the Simplest of Trades.

PROFESSOR TRIGGS of Chicago University, who lectured lately on the strange persistent lectured lately on the strange persistence of superstition among intelligent people, must have found his views as to the ineradicability of superstitious notions abundantly justified by the attention lately paid to the "evil omens" about King Edward. It is a curious thing that not only were these predictions repeated by cable from London and therefore prominently published in all the newsdon, and therefore prominently published in all the news-papers in America, but they were passed from mouth to mouth among educated people as if they were quite re-markable. People always appear to forget, when such predictions are quoted, to make sure that they were ever really uttered as reported; and also to make sure, if they really were uttered, whether they are now repeated as they were originally put forth. They very easily take on a new twist that makes them singularly applicable. People also forget all the prophecies, made about great personages, which have never come to pass—which have never been anywhere near to coming to pass. These are ignored, passed by, and their failure counted against nobody, because there is no occasion to recall them. Prophecy is really one of the simplest trades in the world. It is said that there are only thirty-six original situations, or independent and distinct sequences of occurrence, known to fact or fiction. Whether or not this is true, it is true that life is vastly more simple than most people suppose. The professional prophets, who thrive in greater numbers nowadays than they ever throve before, have only to keep the simple, elementary combinaions of circumstance in mind, and assign them with a good regard to probability, to gain a great reputation for seer-ship. It is very easy to be a prophet if one is never going to be called to account for all the things that never come



himself, this elephantine spirit had doubtless come so far, at such an hour, to gratify some curious whim, some odd liking for out-of-theway corners and crannies of newspaperdom.

"Yeu work late," he said.
"Sometimes, sir. As a newspaperman you perchance found it needful to do so upon occasion yourself."

"Yes," the great man answered. "When I eked out a living upon the frugal fruits of my pen, I sometimes burned the midnight oil. But, after all, that was a happy and careless time, and those were easy burdens." And the shade

"I need not conceal, my lord," I began, after a rather awkward pause, "how lost I am to account for your honoring this humble room to-night by your presence. But perhaps your expression of regret for the days of your apprenticeship on the press-gang affords a clue to the mystery. Are you, then, so enamored of the smell of printers' ink that even now, after years of dazzling success in states. nk that even now, after years of dazzling succe manship and science, you would surreptitiously revisit the lowly haunts of that ambrosial perfume?" Young man," said his lordship, severely and coldly.

"I trust you are not given to writing as you speak. That last sentence was worthy some flamboyant popular orator, but not a plain, unpretentious and direct-speaking journalist, as I trust you are or yet may become

Another awkward silence, during which I felt too utterly "squelched" to trust my tongue. Meanwhile the great Marquis was "taking in" the room and its furnishings ossibly also rivself

Then he car nearer, and drawing a chair out from the

table, sat down
"One more out," he said, "while I am here. It is a piece of advice 1. you, for all young writers—particularly for those who write for the public prints—and indeed it is for all young men in whatsoever calling. This piece advice I have already given in one of my speeches, and I neant it in all seriousness, though people would ins taking it for a flash of sardonic humor, in which I believe I am said to have sometimes indulged. The advice is this: Beware of the study of small maps. Do not confine your ittention to your own county or province, nor yet to own hemisphere, nor even to your own Empire, though it be cattered over all portions of the earth. Always remember, no matter what map may engage your attention, that there are other and bigger ones. Hang Mercator's projection before your eyes, figuratively if not actually, for a few moments daily. You will find it good for you. Occasionally go beyond that and get out a map of the solar system. You will find that good for you, too. And when you are in need of a still wider cutlook, buy an astronomers' chart of the sidereal universe. A glance at it now and again helps to cradicate our little infirmities of vision. But remember that there are bigger maps than even that, yet to be traced, when man shall have the cunning and the cour-

His voice had risen in sonorousness and dignity till it seemed like the dispason of a majestic organ. Then I gone. Big Ben was tolling eleven as I locked the office door and started for home. But I reflected that the advice about maps was a worthy legacy from a great career, even had England's ex-Premier never uttered another striking ASTERISK.



Summer Boarder-What is the mean temperature around here? Farmer Oatcake (who runs the boarding house)-There ain't no mean temperature around here. It's always fine.

COURTEOUS ATTENTION LARGE AIRY ROOMS **SPLENDID VENTILATION**

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Splendid new steamships fitted with the very latest improvements. Weekly sailings. B. W. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent. Toronto

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Steamers Chippewa, Chicora and Corona 5 TRIPS DAILY

On and after June 14th will leave Yonge Street Dock (east side), at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston connecting with New York Central and Hud-son River R. R., Michigan Central R. R., Niagara Falls Park & River R.R., and Niagara Gorge R.R. JOHN FOY, General Manager.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE **BOOK TICKETS**

\$10.00 20 ROUND TRIPS

A. F. WEBSTER'S North-East Corner King and Yonge Street

Improved Train Service to New York.

Arrangements have been made by the New York Central, taking effect Monday, July 7, to attach at Hamilton to the 6.25 p.m. train a dining car to run to Buffalo, and to attach at Buffalo to run to Hamilton a dining car on the 7.45 a. m. train. This will enable this progressive railway to better meet the requirements of the patrons of the New York car leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., Hamilton and the second particular training training at the second particular training training at 5.20 p.m., Hamilton and the second particular training training training at 5.20 p.m., Hamilton and the second particular training tr car leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., Hamilton 6.25 p.m., and leaving Grand Central Station, New York, at 8 p.m. The buffet car has not been satisfactory for the number of people handled, and this car is with a view to giving the very best possible service that can be obtained between Toronto, Ham-ilton and New York.

Anecdotal.

A rash Irishman had climbed up a tree A rash Irishman had climbed up a tree in pursuit of a small but irate wildcat. His friend, awaiting him below, heard in dismay the uproar of a fierce combat. "Pat," he shouted. "Pat, shall I come up and help you catch him?" Above the crash of breaking branches came a groan, "No, for Hivin's sake come up and help me let him go."

A Dowling avenue (Parkdale) reader sends the following: "Last washday, in our house, the washerwoman asked the domestic whether she should starch the master's pyjamas. "Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the maid: 'master sleeps in those!" 'Now, see here, replied the garrulous apostle of the washtub, 'I know what pyjamas is, 'cause I've washed 'em in the best houses in the city, and I tell you that your master will wear 'em when he goes a fishin', so I guess he'll want 'em starched.'"

A gentleman visiting a minister was asked to attend Sunday school at his host's church and address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked

"The Book Shop."

THREE PAPERS

For summer the "Book Shop" offers three pretty writing-papers-a blue Bond paper, 100 sheets and 50 envelopes - Tyrrell's special "linen effect" papers in tints-and Chippendale initial paper any initial on paper and envelopes).

A Box of either the Bend or Chippendale stationery costs 45c., while a box of the special "Book Shop" stationery costs 95c.

Hundreds of titles in summer stories from 15c. upwards.

WM. TYRRELL & CO. 8 KING ST. WEST.

North German Lloyd

EXPRESS STEAMERS
REGULAR SAILINGS
COURTEOUS ATTENTION

EIJjah on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet, and how they were punished when two she-bears came out of the wood and ate forty and two of them. "And now, children." said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she-bears can hold." children two she-bears can hold.

> John Kendrick Bangs says that one evening he found himself on the rear platform of a crowded New York car with a policeman whom he understood to be the largest man on the force. This policeman, according to his own statement, was six teet eight inches in height, and weighed in his best condition two hundred and purely two pounds. and weighed in his best condition two hundred and nmety-two pounds. Mr. Bangs fell into a pleasant conversation with the giant, in the course of which he complimented him on his great size, which he said he supposed must be a very valuable asset to a man of his profession. "Well, sor," replied the policeman, meditatively. "I ain't got no grievance against me size when I am travelin' along with a rough crowd. But when in' along with a rough crowd. But wit comes to buying pants, it's h-ll."

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a good story Sir Wemyss Reid tells a good story about William Black. At a banquet of the Royal Academy at which he was present two rich gentlemen, with "self-made" written large all over them, enquired with an air of patronage what line of business he was in. On his meekly replying that he wrote novels, they expressed their surprise and pleasure at meeting a person of his class. The first gentleman said, "I like to meet littery people. I buy books. I've got a library of six hundred volumes all bound in full calf. I've got all the works of Thacker-I've got all the works of Thacker nd Dickenson, and if you'll tell me an, anxious to atone for his friend's discretion, kicked his shins under the able and said, "Oh yes, you have, but ou've forgotten them."

At a little girls' party recently a tot had been valiantly boasting of the ad-vantages of belonging to her family, and had managed to hold her own against vainglorious and ingenuous dis-ses of her companions. They had from clothes to personal appearnces, then to interior furnishings, then o the number of tons of coal consumed on the home of each during the last win-ter, and finally brought up at parental lignity. The minister's little girl boastlignity. The minister's fittle grid occupad: "Every package that comes for my pa is marked 'D. D.!." "An' every package of the grows for my pa is marked pa is marked 'D, D.!'" "An' every package that comes for my pa is marked 'M. D.!" retorted the daughter of a physician of the neighborhood. Then came a fine snort of contempt from the heroine of this anecdote. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house is marked 'C. O. D.!' There, now!"

William Pruette, the singer, was one of a group of married men who were discussing housekeeping and servants the other evening in a Philadelphia hotel corridor. He told of a girl who served him and Mrs. Pruette well enough while they were living in a New York flat several years ago, and who one day went to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days—she had sion to go home for a few days—she had a telegram telling that her mother was ill. "Of course, go," said Mrs. Pruette— "only, Maggie, do not stay longer than is necessary. We need you." Maggie is necessary. We need you." Maggie promised to return as soon as possible and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her, then came a note by mail, reading: "Deer Miss Pruete i will be back nex week an plese kep my place for me, mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblidg Maggie."

In 1868, a few guests, among them Mr. Richard Redgrave, had gathered in the smoking-room of the late Marquis of Salisbury's residence. The talk was about public ceremonies and about the physical inconveniences which many of those who take part in them are obliged to suffer. The Marquis of Salisbury said that at the coronation of George IV. July nineteen, 1821, he had acted as train bearer and the weight of the royal robe was so great that the pages could not have perspired more if they had been not have perspired more if they had been in a Turkish bath. Thereupon Richard Redgrave remarked that he had been very close to the king in Westminster Abbey on that day and that he noticed very uncomfortable his heavy garments. "After the cere-mony, however," continued the mar-quis," the king had an hour's rest and could disencumber himself of these heavy clothes. So, after being crowned heavy clothes. So, after being crowned, he absented himself for a good while until finally Lord — thought it advisable to enter his private room, and there what do you think he saw? The king without a stitch of clothes on him, but with the crown still on his head!'

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Song of Content.

How many million stars must shine Which only God can see! Yet in the sky His hand has hung Ten thousand stars for me!

How many blossoms bloom and fade Which only God can know! Yet here's my field of buttercups, And here my daisies blow.

How many wing paths through the blu Lure swallows up and down, Yet here's my little garden walk, And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has woo Unhappy feet to roam, Yet God has taught my willing ear The sounds of love and home!

How many lips have kiss'd and clung Since Eve was Adam's bride! But God has given me you, dear girl, And I am satisfied! -Frederic Lawrence Knowles in July "National."

Greedy Georgie.

Georgie ate a watermelon Which had grown beside the gorge; With ten seeds in his appendix George's parents planted George

Two Irishmen were arguing who was the cleverer. "Well." said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks to-gether." "Shure," said Mike, "it's mor-tar." "No," said Pat, "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."

A Sermon in Season Starch Eating. Wishes and Ambitions.

A MONG the pleasant things that come with summer is the visit to some kind and hospitable hostess of the "young girl." Every young girl who is not a member of a big family rusticating and entertaining expects, hopes for, and generally re-ceives, an invitation to visit some friend If the young girl be from the country the smaller towns or from a Southern the smaller towns or from a Southern city, she often makes her sojourn in our urban summer circles. If she be a city girl, she goes to Muskoka or down the 8t. Lawrence or up the lakes to make her holiday. In any case, she has large possibilities of being a great comfort or a great care. We all know the exasperated hostess, who yows that she will never ask such and such girls again. And we have also heard the fervent voice of another hostess telling of the comfort such another girl is in the house. unfort such another girl is in the house There is a happy-go-lucky sort of host ess, who simply asks her guests, gives them a room and three meals a day and concerns herself not otherwise about and concerns herself not otherwise about them. Perhaps she may have attained the real philosophy, but she is not a universal type. Who has not passed bad quarters and halves and whole hours palpitating over the non-return of the skylarky girl whom the son of the house has taken out in a canoe? I can see that wretched, anxious, exasperated and sleepy hostess now, as I have seen her in various waterside localities, pacing the verandah, locking up the house, unlocking again, ordering and countermanding cool drinks and tasty snacks of food, as a phantom canoe glided in but never materialized, sending the servants to bed erialized, sending the servants to bed and wrapping herself in a shawl to pa-tiently await those canocists. Now, this is an outrage on hospitality, and alogether the fault of the young girl, who utterly fails to grasp her obligation and her ill-breeding in ignoring it. The young girl is apt to shrug her shoulders and toss her head and cry, "Why didn't she go to bed?" You know you do, you coung things. And you have great temptations, the self-will of youth the exquisite witchery of the moon and the wave, the pleasure of a congenial tete-ahow abominable it is to come home at eleven. And yet, when I think of the tired lady who is full of responsibility for her young things, it is plain to mowhat they should do.

The city hostess has her trials, and the fairer and sweeter her girl guest the more likely she is to be the cause of them. That modern nuisance, the tele-phone, echoes the voices of sissy-boys and older gallants from morning till midnight. The maid's voice grows in tone a exasperation as she appounces that Mis Mary is wanted at the phone for the forty-ninth time that day. And then some such talk as this entertains the family at luncheon, the clerical caller, the company large or small: "Yes, it's me. Oh! I don't believe you. Yes, I did, too. Oh, the horrid, mean thing! Do you think she meant it? No, I can't promise, for we'll probably have callers. Of course, we'll probably have callers. Of course, you can come. Ah! go on! Oh. no! Oh. yes! Oh. no! Oh. yes! Well. good-by! Oh. no! Yes—um-um. No. Yes. Oh! do you think I believe that; Oh. no! Not for worlds. Your love! Oh! you saucy—. Oh. no! Ta-ta. No. I don't know. Yes. No. Say, I must go. Well, perhaps. At McConkey's. Il see, at four, no later. No. Yes. Good by." and just as pages says a real bay. see, at four, no later. No. Yes. Good-by," and just as papa says a real bad-word and the hostess looks sternly at the youngest girl as if to dare her to hear it, the guest trips back to the lunch table, remarking: "It was Johnnie Jones, Mrs. Smith, and he sent you his love," Johnnie Jones and all the other John-nies swarm into the house every night of the week, and spend the day on Sun-days. The hostess is apt to take refuge upstairs and register the aforesaid yow. ipstairs and register the aforesaid vow in the privacy of her own room, and the vows are punctuated by snatches of Florodora and sentimental ditties with peals of laughter and clapping of hands and the Johnnies light sly cigarettes on the doorstep, and the smoke wafts up like incense sacrificial to its victim up tails. generous hostess from inviting the preiest girls she knows, and are a distinct bonanza to her homely sisters, whose advent is less calculated to stir up the yeasty Johnnies and their older friends. Thank heaven they have gone out to tea!" sighed a weary woman one day lately. "It is such a treat to have a quiet Sunday."

It isn't really necessary to do more than remember that one's hostess owns the house and has a right to somewhat order it, its hours and the goings and comings of its junior branch. The young gentlewoman will recognize the limits of gentlewoman will recognize the limits of her liberty as a guest, and the possible wishes and wants of her hostess. How-ever much she has determined to enjoy herself, whether in city or summer re-sort, she will always recognize the exist-ence of others and shrink from building her castle of fun upon the foundation of their annoyance and discomfort.

fall into, such as rougeing, tippling, doping themselves with Egyptian eigarette smoke, or indeed any sort of eigarette, chewing gum and dipping smiff, but starch eating has not been yet given an airing. A leading grocer told me one day lately that he had found it necessary to division to his contract of the contract sary to duplicate and triplicate his or-ders for starch, because such a number of women were addicted to the starch eating habit. Starch is nice to eat, I am eating habit. Starch is nice to eat, I am told; what the effects of excessive indulgence in it may be I cannot be certain. Will the ladies who eat starch be always able to keep a stiff upper lip? Will they acquire an internal polish which will exude in gracious manners and elusive charm of appearance? Will they show any inclination to go limp in damp weather? Will they develop into that peculiar kind of bore known as the sticker? or will they be stuck on themthat peculiar kind of love known as the sticker? or will they be stuck on them-selves, or stuck up, anyway? Taking these queries, pro and con, the cons have it, so far as the advantage to be de-rived from a starch eating habit is con-

"My life-long wish?" asked the gilded banqueter, as he pushed back his chair and lit a cigar. "Oh! that's easy! I have wished and longed ever since I was a boy to own a small farm, to own sleek, a boy to own a small farm, to own sleek, cunning little Jersey cows and big, slow-footed, sleek-coated farm horses, a pony for my wife, and a good trotter for my-self, and the fattest pigs at the agricultural show. Sheep? No. I don't seem to yearn after sheep, somehow. I don't know when I began to long for a farm, but almost long enough to call it my lifelong wish. Why don't I get one? My boy, I can't get free of the city. I've arboy, I can't get free of the city. I've argued with my wife and girls; I've pleaded with my partner—no use! So I shall die worth more than a million, and that is good money where I came from, but until I strike Paradise I shall not have until 1 strike Paradise I shall not have my wish. Then, if the Powers that be ask me what I'd like to make me perfect-ly happy there. I hope I shall have the nerve to say, 'A farm and some nice stock.'"

I know a woman whose one ambition was satisfied when she went away from earth in a balloon. Another woman had the greatest desire to run a railway engine. She went with the great man of the road to a place where there were lo-comotives in a roundhouse, and got into the cab with the engineer, and ran the engine up and down a little scrap of track. "Now, are you satisfied," said the great man, as he helped her down. "Oh, no," she sighed. "I want to be all alone, and hundreds of miles of prairie alone, and hundreds of mues or pranta around me, and a good, fast engine, and let her go!? The great man roared with laughter, but the woman turned to the engineer, all smuts and dirt as he was. "Do you understand?" she asked. "Yes. mum, I do," he said, with three nods at LADY GAY.

Plasters Failed.

Liniments, Oils and Many Other Medicines Did no Good.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of Bis Efforts to Cure His Kidney Trouble—He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, But Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N.B., July 14.— (Special.)—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters oils liments on the outside

Plasters, oils, liniments on the outside

and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally, seem to have but one result. He was no better.

result. He was no better.

Finally, through reading an advertisement, he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:

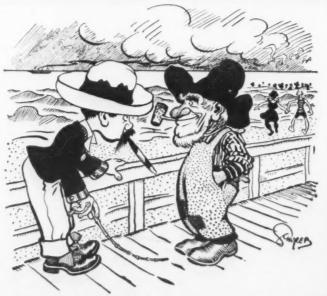
"Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials I concluded to try them according to directions.

tions. "I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical, and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could or would help me. However, I did not us-them long before I found that they were

cine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood, and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness. Everyone is delighted at his improved

health, and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills There has been a great deal written and said of the injurious habits women than they have been.



wewcomer-What part of the b oardwalk is the most popular at night?

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

GOLD MEDAL

LABATT'S ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphol gical study sent in. The Editor reuests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital 1 ttens. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

are not studied.

Dove.—This is an observant, practical, considerate and sweet-tempered person, not possessing much experience of the world nor apparently having gone through any deep emotional crisis, cheerful, hopeful, and a little ambitious, with some impulse and a fair amount of sentiment. Writer would never do a harsh or reckless thing, but might do a foolish one if she were possessed by a wrong notion of duty. It is yet a crude study, well meaning and careful.

Ashamed—It certainly isn't a pretty

well meaning and careful.

Ashamed.—It certainly isn't a pretty hand, but there are fine points in it—for instance, force and will to lead and dominate others, rather quick and bright perception, tenacity and honesty. The impulse is too varied to be worth counting upon. It looks something like a double sign out of balance and harmony, I wish you had given the month and day of your birth. There is a practical turn, rank but not foolish speech, reasonable discretion, and ease and facility of expression. If I were you I should console myself for my inflexibly inferior writing by the above traits, and by the fact that the matter of your notes is as superior as the manner is the reverse. I rather like your hand,

Tenderfoot.—Tell you soon? So I should have done, but I have only just opened your smart little note. I've never been in a "typical Western town, with cowboys, fantastic Indians, Rockies, and sunsets." How weird! 2. The first thing a graphologist notices about your writing is the cross on your "t." That and all your other lines are remarkably buoyant, vital and full of force. You are not confiding and rather shy off from sentimental and effisive persons.

is the cross on your "t." That and all your other lines are remarkably buoyant, wital and full of force. You are not confiding and rather shy off from sentimental and effusive persons. You are much taken by appearances, and will probably be particular to make a good impression on others, involuntarily taking care to marshal your best traits. You are sometimes analytic and self-searching. Speculative thought appeals to you. You are emphatic, decisive, and could even be brusque under strong pressure. It is the hand of a magnetic and thoughful body, never disposed to sigh and languish and apt to find the way made clear before her.

Indiana.—I. Why shouldn't you write about your babies? And my love to the one who looked so nice in his first "short coat" the day you wrote. You're a happy little mother, and the great world hath need of you. 2. Your writing is cultured, bright and receptive. You have spasms of caution, but are generally frank, truthful and candid to a degree. You have opinions, and cling to them, and have a touch of pessimism in you. It is an illogical, very feminine, somewhat impressionable and apt to be sentimental hand—a woman to love and be loved for herself.

Molly.—Lonely in New York? Well.

sentimental hand—a woman to love and be loved for herself.

Molly.—Lonely in New York? Well, I hope you'll visit me in a letter whenever you feel like it. Where and what are you at. Molly alanna? Keeping a home together, studying art or nursing, or in some situation? "Tis a girlish and not over aggressive study anyway, with a persuasive, gentle and simple way and plenty of independence. You are firm about practical matters, and will probably get on well. You are probably not the sort that quickly becomes at home in new surroundings. A little reserve in New York will prove an excellent thing. Ask me all the questions you like. Molly. I'll answer.

Dolores.—I perfectly understand ase, and quite sympathize with you set the loneliness of the divine in eeking its own kind. Cultivate labit of fixing your thoughts on Source of All. wherever and what you idea of Him is. By and by will find sympathic states the set of the set them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them.

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used, for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case,

"I feel as well as ever I did, and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me ever so long.

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to

matter and the cheerfulness will be real.

Irish Norah.—'Tis you that do be "thrafficking" with the future, my good Erinite. Had "your palm read and your fortune told in two or three different ways." And that's a fine idea, so you can choose which suits you and leave the rest go hang! Well, here's for your writing. You love to rule and dominate, and you do it, though you aren't ambitious in the ordinary sense. You are generous, pretty cautious, rather perceptive, conservative, proud of some personal thing, inexperienced but full of courage and nervous energy. You have not much sympathy nor any particular finesse. You are a goat, Norah, born under the sign Capricorn, with some of the Sagittarius traits over-lapping from the previous sign. Your mentality isn't brilliant, but it is capable,

Irish Paddy.—Faith, there's a pair of

brilliant, but it is capable,

Irish Paddy.—Faith, there's a pair of you, I perceive, but you are first blood for me, eh, Patricius? It's a truly excellent hand for a boy of your age—just a man a year ago, good Paddy! You are a heartsome, susceptible, imaginative person, fond of girls, and sensible enough to treat them well. You can make the best of a bad job, and like to do well

what you undertake. There is a and poise about you, Paddy aroon, appeals to your "Dear Mrs. Satt Night." But you have lots to yagrant, loose ends to gather be caught napping, and I don't think with a secret, with some expectation having it kept. Your month enough. Send the date

having it kept. Your monty enough. Send the date.

Ego.—I wasn't bored to death, bruch entertained by your letter of the control of the contr

reshing.

Honeysuckle.—If I had been numer," my dear, nothing wo mer quicker than answering ers. It absorbs thought an oressure. I don't gather fourth-date whether you con ters. It absorbs thought and pressure. I don't gather fror birth-date whether you come Aries, the April sign. or Taurus, tone. I am getting tired of saying the exact day. Your writing sympathy, refinement, Impulse, buoyant and somewhat ambitiou adaptable and pleasant temper, detail, and a somewhat modes esteem. It does not indicate power or varied experience.

It Was Hot.

Visitor (to Nebraska farmer)-It has been pretty hot out here this summer. has it not? Farmer—Hot? Well, rathhas it not? Farmer—Hot? Well er. Why, we even had to put ice pond to keep the ducks hard-boiled eggs.—"Judge."





La Beaute Toilet Co. Madam Cunningham, Manageress. 'Phone Main 3617. Parlors: 113 KING ST. W., TORONTO

St. Catharines Saline Spings &

Gout. Rheumatism. Neuralgia, Nervousness, Liver Complications, Etc.

Special attention given to Diet and Massage.

physicians are selicited to correspond physicians are selicited to correspond with Br. McCoy, Physician in charge. Skilled attendants in Baths. Stam has in each room. Elevator. Porcelats baths. Tollet-rooms on each floor One and one-half hours' ride from Toronte without change.

The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

The Family Table and a happy family de-

pends a little upon the Salt. Salt that cakes is the bane of existence.

Windsor Salt

Leading Grocers sell it



BREWERS AND MALSTERS

INDIA PALE ... FALL

The above brands are the genuine extract of



July 19,

London's N T HE body particle London

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arium Co.

London's Mystery of Change.

HE body of a man renews all its particles once in seven years; London does not accomplish as much in seven centuries, and to the end of his life, says the "Academy," the Londoner finds something clusive and mysterious in the changing face of other The changes leave so much The changes leave so much the sameness hides so much where indeed, and what, is the tity which he syllables as Lonireat tracts of it he has never has never crossed over Shooter's has never crossed over Shooter's highly though the syllaboration.

has never crossed over Shooter's ver walked through Spitalfields, explored that backyard of civilthe York road, N.; he knows dwell nor De Beauvoir Town, or the Golden Square, it may be has sought it diligently all the his life and has not found it, he has known several Londons, as the London of his youth into come with gleaming eye and e was the London of his youth into he came with gleaming eye and ing feet. There was the London of handle age in which he kept to cerstreets, and caught certain trains, there is the London on which his ory has time to play. Yet the three one; he cannot calculate the long

helplessness besets even a young ho would indicate the change has come over London between, twentieth and thirty-fifth year. if and subtlety defy capture. He to enumerate little differences, by seem trivial and inexpressive, the difference, but cannot total een years ago, he will tell you, conductor clutched the milliner's assist her decorous ascent of an ler. It was a characteristic and der. It was a characteristic and tion in the streets. Fifteen years its at the entrance of Doctor's is invited you to buy the right y. Fifteen years ago there were boards and hay-cocks on Parliadil; Hampstead Heath was unbeautiful, and the gypsy woing like a flame from the gorse, wildness to the miles beyond, far times the Foot Guards wore crasking in the streets on Sunsee far times the Foot Guards wore hear-skins in the streets on Sund it was a sight for the gods to six-foot private, thus crested, ag to the Park with a diminutive on a Pont street kitchen. The late eighties there was a vesteredit in walking through Seven alone; and Saffron Hill was a hand of village green still kept' Islingerry. There was no Charing Cross

There was no Charing Cros cerry. There was no Charing Cross to chill St. Giles's and no railway seet St. John's Wood. In Holborn hight stray through the square carway of Furnival's Inn, past Dickold lodgings, into the quiet square its fountain and rhododendrons, by was Ridler's—hospitable Ridwhere, as you passed the door, you ewter candlesticks on the hall tailinged, you were imbecile enough saw pewter candlesticks on the hall table, if, indeed, you were imbecile enough not to step straight into the eighteenth century and call for a port negus, which presently was brought to you by a waiter who, in lineaments and dignity, was the double of Mr. Speaker Peel. When Ridler's came down, they talked of rebuilding it and keeping the candlesticks; but it was soon seen that the play was ended. Shall we recall the "Bull and Mouth" tavern, opposite the old Post-Office, and the little red 'buses that trundled you up to the "Angel?" Shalt we register the thrill with which, in some quiet street, aware only of stranger millions, one met William Ewart Gladstone?

it has always been thus. A few have always brought such changes doners, and their annals are full repasts within pasts. You may keep to John Stow, and you will me recalling the London of his din the same strain as Sir Walter procalls it in his autobiography. recalls it in his autobiography.

about Goodman's Fields, that
pulous and Hebraic district of
hapel, just outside the city bounremarks: "Near adjoining to shey (the Minories), on the south hereof, was sometime a farm be-g to the said nunnery; at the farm I myself in my youth have i many a half-penny worth of and never had less than three ale or a halfpenny in the summer, nor an one ale quart for a halfpenny winter, always hot from the kine same was milked and strained."

s same was milked and strained."
other curious circumstance is that
has never been a time in the last
hundred years when the size of
or did not warm and alarm the
mer's imagination; it has always
d to have reached the limits of
vable growth. Indeed, this sense
vastness of London seems to have er one and two hundred When the area of the Lonronger cets was small enough to tempt as defeat the powers of the mind, well have produced effects which now. To-day, for the individual oner vast areas do not count, and sense of distance is annihilated by dank walls of tubes and tunnels. A red years ago London was small rural compared with its present and yet early in the last century the countryman, a man of property, by London by coach for the first his life, was so appalled by the systas of lamps and the laby-of streets that he lost his reason. g out of his inn in Lad Lane, he

g out of his hin in Lau Lane, he ared. Six weeks later he was wandering about at Sherborne, in shire. A brief cure was effected he died, and he related that he en obsessed by the idea that he never be extricated from the netreets, and this had turned his is impossible to think that gemed smaller to Londoners han the London of to-day seems to the London of to-day seems to their and yet the difference be-their and our London cannot be ted. You came into London by y roads and turnpikes. As late as David Cox sat down in St. George's the gable ends of the Waterloo advancing into a foreground of tres and grazing cattle.

thing seems so dim and untraceas these over-laid Londons which

or day filled the imaginations ore out the strength of our grand-s. You may vision a piece here piece there in books and prints

ing the numbers on house-doors, stepping over gutters and gratings, noting the patterns of front gardens, distinguishing granite and macadam, gazing into shop windows, drinking at pumps, pausing at the doors of barracks and great houses and churches—in a word, walking the streets of the London of Byron, Rogers, and Pitt and Castlereagh and Wellington. We refer to the London of Topographical Society's recently issued reproduction of the plan of the road from Hyde Park Corner to Addison road made in 1811 by Joseph Salway, surveyor to the Kensington Turnpike trustees.

Intended primarily as a record of drains, these plans go much further, and give us not only a minute ground-plan of the road, but the elevations of all the houses, walls, and other wayside objects ing the numbers on house-doors, step-

louses, walls, and other wayside objects along the whole length of the road, on its north side, between the points we have named. These beautiful drawings have long reposed in the MS. Depart-ment of the British Museum, and it is to the enterprise of the London Topo-graphical Society and of its secretary, Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, that we owe their reproduction in colored facsimile. The scale is one inch to twenty feet, and the sheets placed end to end measure something like thirty yards. The effect is unique; indeed, the combined interest of bygone and surviving London in the drawings can be appreciated only by the effect.

Nothing would be easier, nothing more pleasant, than to stroll and gossip along this fine old road of 1811, from Hyde Park Turnpike down to the cobbler's stall this fine old road of 1811, from Hyde Park Turnpike down to the cobbler's stall on the pavement at the corner of Sloane street, and the terrace which Charles Reade afterwards dubbed Naboth's Vineyard when fighting a public body for his lease; thence past the Watch House at Knightsbridge Green, past the old Horse Barracks to the Half Way House with its straggling stables and pig-styes (affronting gentility); past great residences like Kingston and Stratheden' Houses, and inns like the "Fox and Bull," with its sign painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and its pewters drained by George Morland, and so on to Kensington street, with its inns and stable-yards. Beyond old Kensington Church there are banks, hedges, and ditches on both sides of the road, which runs through open country as far as Stanford Brook.

Baby's Own Tablets. Keep Little Ones Well During the Ho

Weather Months. If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tab-lets the moment they show signs of be-

THREE new round dances have just been approved and adopted by the Normal Association of Masters of Dancing of the United States and Canada, which recently met in New York. They are the Military Dip Waltz, the Olympia Schottische, and the Antler's Gavotte. The Military Dip Waltz is said to be the simplest and most graceful of the three. It has been predicted that this dance will sweep the country, and may take the place of the two-step in the matter of popularity. The movements are thus described: Take a position facing your partner, as if for waltzing. The left foot of both lady and gentleman should be in the fourth position, front; that is, about the length of one step in front of the right foot. At the beginning of the strain the gentleman next makes a quick change, stepping forward upon her right; then both reverse the movement. The gentleman next makes a quick change, stepping forward on the left and then on the right. The balance is repeated in this position, the two dip movements having occupied just four measures in all. From this point glide into the waltz, waltzing four measures; then repeat the balance movement again, and so on ad libitum. The dance is simple, easy, and fascinating. ing out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry oil so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles: first, because it always does good; and, second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from opiates. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says: "I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly, and, although she had an apparently ravenous appetite, her food did her no good, and she was ivery thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, but after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest. weakest infant by crushing them to

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to all Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Abolition of the Night.

THE strenuous character of modern life is shown by the way in which we turn night into day. Two hundred years ago the night was really night, and everybody went to bed early and slept until daylight. Streets were lighted feebly, or not at all. Footpads lurked in every shadow for the belated wayfarer, and, in the loneliness of the streets, were secure against, interrution. The watch or against interruption. The watch

patrol was abroad, but it was inade-quate to police a large city.

Midnight, two centuries ago, was a holy, a haunted, and a fearsome hour.

The man who stayed out until midnight went home in fear and trembling, and lost his reputation if his late home. lost his reputation if his late home coming were bruited about. None but the gayest, most reckless, and most dis-sipated young blades were ever out of bed in the small hours of the morning. Throughout the greater part of Christendom, two hundred years ago, curfew rang at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and all lights were put out or were concealed, behind stuffed cracks and blanketed windows, from the eye of the

prying watchman.

But now, how changed! Midnight has lost its charms and thrills. Graves no longer yawn and give forth their dead, nor do ghosts walk at the stroke of 12. No pensive Madeleine, trembling in her chaste couch, sits up nowadays at midnight of St. Agnes' eve to view her lover in a looking glass. Midnight has become commonplace. Familiarity with it has bred contempt. One hardly ever goes to bed before that hour. Life is too short that we should waste the precious hours between blankets. Slun ber, such as our forefathers knew, h fled our eyes. We cannot afford to give ten and twelve hours of the twenty-four to slothful sleep. Six or seven hours of dreamful, fretful dozing make up our full allowance. The twenty-four hours are hardly enough for work and sport, and we would make the day thirty-six hours long if we could.

thirty-six hours long if we could. The modern mind is appalled, observes fathers. You may vision a piece here and a piece there in books and prints, but the aspect of any large and typical portion can rarely be recovered. Yet one exception, at least, exists: in one document the London of a bygone day has been captured in dogged detail and left to us in such a form that it is possible to walk in spirit along two miles of a Steat London highway of one hundred years ago, counting the lamp-posts, read-

Making an Excuse.



"We," said the chairman of the committee of anxious cannibals to the resident missionary, "would like to know why our allowance of over-coats, old neckties, red flannel undershirts and rubber boots has been

coats, old neckties, red name; successfully assumed as stopped."
"My children," explains the missionary, "you should reflect that at this time of the year my countrymen are in the hands of the summer landlords, and that they are more likely to be objects of charity than the givers thereof."
Whereat the chairman of the committee insists that the resident missionary teach them how to be landlords.

That Awful Gas. morning there are many, beside the roysterers, to be met. Not a few of the mills and manufactories in Eastern for Years I his Form of Indigeston had Troubled Mr. Harmer-Now all the the mills and manufactories in Eastern cities run all night. When the ground is valuable, and every hour of idleness means loss of thrift for the owner, building contractors in large cities think little of putting on a night shift, and, with the help of searchlights, employing the whole twenty-four hours in the erection of a skyscraper. An army of bakers printers craftemen, and trades-Bloating and Belching has Gone.

crowded, and at three o'clock in the

bakers, printers, craftsmen, and trades-men of all sorts toil at night and go home in the early morning. The tele-phone service never ceases for a mo-

New Round Dances.

Indigestion

and nervousness are often the result of hurried meals.

Abbey's Effervescent

stimulates and tones the digest-ive organs enabling the stomach

Those who suffer will find Abbeys Salt a perfect corrective of all stomach disorders. Dyspepsia cannot be cured by doctoring the effect. Abbeys Salt

removes the causes by enabling the stomach to do its work properly.—A mild laxative.

At all druggists.

Salt

Indigestion manifests itself in many forms. One of the most trying and un-pleasant symptoms is the formation of as in the stomach, and the consequent

gas in the stomach, and the consequent belching up, bloating, and, distress.

This was how it affected Mr. W. H. Harmer of Avonmore, N.B., and in this way he had been troubled for a long time. Nothing he used as a medicine seemed to improve his condition until he commenced a treatment of Dodd's phone service never ceases for a mo-ment. One can have a messenger boy at any hour. There are playhouses which advertise a continuous perform-ance. Owl cars in every large city run on nearly every line. In short, we have very nearly abolished the night. he commenced a treatment of Dodd's

Dyspepsia Tablets.

This favorite remedy once more demonstrated its wonderful curative properties by immediately relieving and in a very short time completely curing Mr. Harmer's trouble.

He has written a letter, in which he

expresses his gratitude to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for their prompt and satisfactory cure of his trouble. He says:
"I know of several others here who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with good results."

The evidences of these wonderful cures pour in daily from all parts of the Dominion. From east, west, north and south come grateful letters from people in all chickens. in all stations of life, who had almost given up hope of ever being cured, and who have found in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a remedy they so long had cought. ought.

The wonder is that every Dyspeptic has not already heard of and used this

has not already heard of and used this remedy.

One of the serious symptoms of this disease is fear and doubt, and this may account for the fact that there is a single case of Dyspepsia left in the Dominion of Canada.

Surely these earnest, honest letters and statements of living men and women will convince the most skeptical Dyspeptic that to suffer a moment longer when a cure is at hand is unnecessary.

What has cured all kinds of cases, of every conceivable form, in old people and in young people, is surely worth a trial.

trial.

If you don't believe, ask these people.

or anyone else who has given Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a fair trial.

Curious Bits of News.

Blue roses have at last been produced and are grown at Kew Gardens, London.

ment again, and so on ad libitum. The dance is simple, easy, and fascinating. The Olympia Schottische is designed for the more agile and spirited dancers. It is begun in the open position assumed for any schottische, the gentleman holding the lady's left hand with his right, the two facing one another. The lady starts with the right foot, the gentleman with the left. Dip backward with a graceful bend of knee, then bring the rear foot forward and rise on the toes. Repeat the movement with the other foot; glide four times to the right, repeat both movements, face forward and hop on left foot, kicking right with toe An English mathematician has figured out that it takes only a "four-flea pow-er," whatever that may mean, to run a watch, and that a single horse-power would run all the watches in creation.

peat both movements, face forward and hop on left foot, kicking right with toe touching the floor; then hop on right, kicking left. Next assume the closed position and take four glides, a half turn, finishing with four more glides in the same direction. The Antler's Gavotte is made up entirely of familiar steps. This is begun in the closed position. March two measures, two-step four, take three glides to the left, finishing on the right foot, and waltz to the close of the strain. This is a new combination of the two old favorites, two-step and waltz, with the march step for variety. A certain Chinese lady, named Cheong Chuk Kwan, is going on a tour round the world. She is rich, and well educated in English. Having progressive ideas, she is going to see what Europe and America are like. This is the first and only instance in which a Chinese lady has ever attempted such a venture.

Railway travel is fast losing its perils According to reports recently made pub-lic in London, not a passenger was killed on any English railway in 1901, and only cleven people who were not passengers received fatal injuries. American railways may be better equipped than those across the water, but they have not yet approached the new English record for safety.

A remarkable piece of railroad engineering is about to be begun by the Southern Pacific Railroad in Utah. For the sake of saving four and a half miles the railroad is to build a new line one hundred and five miles long, which for part of the way will run on a timber trestle across the Great Salt Lake. It treste across the Great Sait Lake. It now runs around the northern shore of the lake, over a route full of sharp curves and heavy grades. The work will take three years, and will cost two and a half million dollars.

A writer in the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" tells of a clear case of canine murder. The owner of an Airof canine murder. The owner of an Air-dale terrier bought a small Cocker span-iel pup, and it was made much of by the members of the family. "Scottie," the terrier, utterly ignored the pup's ex-istence. One morning the puppy was missing, and, after a fruitless search, the gardener remembered seeing "Scottie" come out of a rhododendron bed, with lose and face much bearinged with earth nose and face much begrimed with earth. There the body of the pup was found, and it was plain that "Scottie" had first killed and then buried the poor little creature.

A year ago, says the "Youth's Com-panion," three prominent physicians told a certain New Yorker that he was af-licted with locomotor ataxia, and bedicted with locomotor ataxia, and beyond the power of cure. Thereupon this man, who, even when he used two canes, "floundered around wherever his legs chose to take him," went to a gymnatium. He took exercise in ten-minute instalments. It was torture, but he persisted in it, and when he was not exercising he stayed out-of-doors. Presently he began to ride the bicycle, too, although he could not stop his machine except by putting on the brake and falling off. After seven months of hard work his legs were "still wabbly," but he

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'Dartring' BRAND

Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun.

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

'Lanoline' Preparations Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

EMPIRE BUILDER

Shredded Wheat

THE UNITS BUILD THE EMPIRE

Shredded Wheat for sale by all Grocers.



As with every other abuse that threatens the comfort of the community, home-training is largely responsible for the numerous presence of the selfish ungrateful individual, the cormorant of society. Many parents inculcate selfishness, contends a writer in "Donahoe's Magazine," and an astute weighing of services rendered from outside. Thus their children learn early that their teacher's devoted care is "paid for," the scats they occupy in cars and must not yield to any claim of age or sex are "paid for," the houses they inhabit and wreck "are paid for," favors are rendered for ulterior motives, etc., etc. Thus the course of instruction is con-Thus the course of instruction is continued, until retribution not infrequent overtakes the instructors, they ly overtakes the instructors, they be-coming in turn victims of the too com-mercial training they imparted. The writer has in mind the mother of three sons, who gave to her children the most unceasing care, and who in her old age subsists upon the pittance grudgingly contributed by them, forced from them by the law. Nor is the case a solitary one.

by the law. Nor is the case a somery one.

"What is there in it for me?" is the leading question of the day, and a capacity for "working" people is a passiport to success. Instead of gratitude and courtesy many young people cultivate a brand of politheness that expresses itself in "Thanks awfully," "Thanks very much," "Paw-dohn me," and other conventional forms equally indicative of gentility of birth and breeding.

There is grave reason to fear that they

There is grave reason to fear that they are taking an "elective" course in manners, carefully eliminating the essentials

In Legal Terms.

"If I were to give you an orange," said the judge, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange,' but should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he would adopt this form:

"I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits; and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same or give away with or without rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits; anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

began to play handball. Through the winter he kept up regular practice in the gymnasium, gaining all the time, surely though slowly. This spring he had the reward of a year of prodigious and painful effort. He could take forty-mile rides on his bicycle. The doctors say he has perfectly recovered. He says he never felt better. Here is inspiration for invalids. Many a man might cure himself of "incurable" disease, as this man did, if he would only make a fight for health.

The Elective System in Manners.

S with every other abuse that

Mistress (to new servant)—There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular; they are truthfulness and obedience. Mary—Yes'm; and when you tell me to say you're not in, when a person calls that you don't wish to see, which is it to be, mum—truthfulness or obedience?—The "King" (London).



AT NO TIME MORE THAN NOW

during the hot and de-bilitating weather of July and August does the system require a nerve and stomach tonic and tissue builder. The Toronto Brewing Company's "Extra Stout" cannot be excelled in this respect or for any experience of the "Dog

Can be obtained from all dealers.

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INVIGORATING PORTER **DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF**

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.

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HE University of Toronto has held its first examinations in music and the result may be considered fairly encouraging. Mak and the result may be considered fairly encouraging. Making allowance for the comparator of the examinations, the number of candidates was as large as could be expected. Next year an important development may be expected, the more especially as the professional musicians of the province, to whose suggestion the examinations owe their existence, will do all in their power to support the scheme. It will be interesting in this connection to note the results of the recent meeting in Hamilton of the Associated Musicians of Ontario. The associated Musicians of Ontario. The associated Musicians of Ontario. The associated Musicians of Ontario are detively support the University in its purpose of providing a neutral system of examinations. Although one of the members opposed the idea of advancing the standard of the University syllabus beyond the elementary dint of the examinations originally proposed by the Associated Board of London, the sense of the meeting was that the University's syllabus should be second to none in practical efficiency, and a resolution was passed asking the University to develop bus should be second to none in practi-cal efficiency, and a resolution was passed asking the University to develop the idea to a point which should provide for all teachers a system of examina-tions worthy of the institution and the province in every respect. This was in-sisted upon as being the more essential now that the Associated Board has an-nounced a teachers' examination in con-nection with McGill University. In no-ticing the attitude of the Conservatory of Music and other colleges towards tae University examinations. Mr. Schuch voiced the feelings of the meeting in say. University examinations, Mr. Schuch voiced the feelings of the meeting in saying that the University's plans should be developed without regard to the desires of individuals or the interests of single institutions, the good of the profession as a whole being of much greater importance to the future of music in Canada than private interests. A letter was ada than private interests. A letter read from President Loudon addre to Mr. A. S. Vogt, in which the run that the University had no intentio that the University had no intention of permanently developing the examina-tions in practical music were emphati-cally denied. The new syllabus of the University will be in the bands of the profession at an early date and it is exit will show a great advance cal sections. The association in the musical sections. was reorganized, and the was reorganized, and the following offi-cers elected: President. Dr. C. L. M. Harris: vice-presidents, Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp and Rechab Tandy; general secre-tary, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A.; general reasurer, Mr. W. A. Bluethner; general representatives for the year, Messrs, Roselle Pococke, E. W. Schuch and L. H. Purker

Writing of the operatic prospects for next season. Mr. Finck of New York says: "The great war between Italian and German opera, which raged so flectely about twenty years ago, but which began with the appointment of Weber to organize the first German opera in Dreaden aighty-six years ago, is at last have been banished from the stage, the best Italian works, especially those of Verdi, are more cordially appreciated than ever, while, on the other hand, Wagner is more and more appreciated in all parts of the world. There are a few singers of the De Reszke type who are equally good in French, Italian and German operas; but most of them are at their best in one style only. A new era of operatic performances began when Maurice Grau and Sir Augustus Harris adopted the policy of having all the operas—Italian, French and German—sung in their own languages and by singers specially trained in each school. When this was done, grand opera, which previously had been a losing game, at once became profitable.

"Fresh proof of the wisdom of having Italian operas sung by Italians and German by Germans comes from Berlin, where Angelo Neumann recently won a brilliant success with a series of Verdi performances by Italian singers under an Italian conductor. Neumann subsequently wrote an article, in which he explained that he had conceived the plan for this eyele shortly after Verdi's death.

plained that he had conceived the plan for this cycle shortly after Verdi's death for this cycle shortly after Verdi's death, as a way of expressing his gratitude towards the Italians for their very cordial reception, nearly nineteen years ago, of the performance of Wagner's Nibelung operas which he gave in their principal cities. He further relates that when he was preparing for this tour he received a letter from Wagner, who said, among other things: 'I hear you are about to go to Italy. Well, you may have some pretty experiences there! 'Italy is not yet ripe for the Ring of the Nibelung.' 'Had the great master lived a few months longer.' Neumann continues, 'he would have convinced himself that he was mistaken in his apprehensions. Italy months longer.' Neumann continues, 'he would have convinced himself that he was mistaken in his apprehensions. Italy refuted them thoroughly by its enthusiastic reception of the "Ring." Of the furor aroused by the performances of the "Richard Wagner Theatre" in all the large cities of Italy it is difficult to form a conception in this country. When did it ever happen in a German opera house that the audience insisted on a repetition of the whole Mime or Erda scene in "Rheingold"? The Erda scene in particular (interpreted by Hedwig-Reicher-Kindermann) was so jubilantly applauded even after the repetition that it was difficult to avoid having to give it a third time. The Wagner cause aroused the warmest enthusiasm, especially in Rome, where the court, headed by King Humbert and his beautiful articles, vied in showing their sympatny for German art. . . . In Florence, Turin, and everywhere, there were innumerable manifestations of the veneration in which the departed master was held. Italy's greatest composer, Giuseppe Verdi had already given eloquent express. Italy's greatest composer, Giuseppe Ver-di, had already given eloquent expres-sion, in a telegram to the "Richard Wag-ner Theatre," to his grief over the death

of the genius whom he, too, held in high honor. In the latest novel of Gabriel D'Annunzio we still find evidence of the deep emotion aroused by the death of Wagner in the land of the bel canto, the home of Rossini and Verdi.'"

The University of Cambridge, England, has honored Professor Horatio W. Parker, the distinguished American composer, by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. Dr. Sandys, the public orator of Cambridge, in presenting Mr. Parker to the vice-chancellor, observed that Mr. Parker's fame was far from being limited to the land of his birth. Among those of his works which were well known in England were "Legend of St. Christopher," "Wanderer's Psalm," "Hora Novissima," and "Astant Angelorum Chori." In a musical career extending hardly over twenty years the number of his compositions had been no less than fifty-four. After seven years of work as professor at Yale, Mr. Parker was now enjoying a year of comparative repose, though he was far from ceasing to cultivate the art of his choice.

The old controversy as to the origin of the National Anthem has been re-vived. Dr. Cummings has recently sent forth a book in which he claims the distinction of the writing of "God Save the King" to Dr. John Bull. The Lon-don "Era," in an article headed. "The Greatest Song in the World Written By an Actor," says: "Every patriotic man would naturally feel that he would like a Bull to be the originator of this core al hymn that has been utilized in G many, France and America. And in amining the music, there is one great thing that impresses us, and that is— using notes in the sense of the expres-sion of a vocal determination. If the music of the National Anthem be exammusic of the National Anthem be examined, it is seen at once that, note by note, there is a volume of power that leads up to the finale. The melody is not only patriotic, but it is dramatic in the very pauses. Dr. Cummings, ignoring one or two well-known works on the subject, maintains that Henry Carey, dramatist, poet and musician, did not write 'God Save the King.' In stating this he himself makes a quotation from write 'God Save the King.' In stating this, he himself makes a quotation from an undoubted authority, and says deliberately that this evidence is of no value. He refers to the 'Thesaurus Musicus,' and also the 'Harmonia Anglica,' in which 'God Save the King' is quoted. He gives the probable date as 1742, but he at once discounts this by stating that the date is arrived at through the advertisements. Now, as it happens, we vertisements. Now, as it happens, we have in our possession a work containing 'God Save the King' for three voices-published in 1763, in which the song is ascribed to Henry Carey, and in the same volume are two or three piece-from his pen and also two versions of the National Anthem itself. What Dr Cuganings maintains is that an ole manuscript book by Dr. John Bull con tained the National Anthem as we un lerstand it to-day, but this is not true. The song labeled 'God Save the King'--und, of course, everybody knows that this expression dates back to the first Edward—is entirely different; but there does happen to be in this manuscript one differently titled melody, which, if played and arranged in the broken way that the National Anthem is sent down to us, might be something similar to the patriotic melody which fronts the world. At the same time, in certain portions of its bearings it would just as easily pass for 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'The writer proceeds: "This new attempt—which is rather old—of trying to wrest the origin, and we can now say the victory, of this song from a man who did such good work is, as far as we can see, not au-Edward-is entirely different; but ther

things that are echoed in the souls of the people, they knowing not whence they spring, but unconsciously in their breast the sentiments reverberate. When Carey wrote this magnificent national pean of praise to drown the stupid voices of the Jacobites, he, all unknowing and all unthinking of what future generations were going to accord him, spent his few expiring talents in his devotion to his king and country. The cruelty of it all is that, being poor and having a it all is that, being poor and having a thome to maintain, he by some unfortu-nate circumstance allowed cowardic to usure the magnificence of his genius. In

ness, was slightly unbalanced, but at the same time there is the most absolute evidence, despite all that can be sail pro and con, that the author of Sally in Our Alley and numberless pieces that will never die was also the creator of that piece of patriotic magicry which is ever dominant on all occasions in the true hearts of the believers and defenters of the much abused little place called ers of the much abused little place and the form of a picnic to Lorne law to the purple of Mr. Arthur Blight cames were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were given. After lunch Mr. Gus Cowie ers of the much abused little place called ers of the much abused little place and the prize were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match, for which prizes were indulged in, and also a baseball match,

Not Far Enough.

Poet (to Editor)—Here's a little thing I just dashed off. Editor—Couldn't you manage to dash it a little farther off?

Dr. John Bull's claims, or rather the Dr. John Bull's claims, or rather the claims of his adherents, cannot hold any water, because, as we have already intimated, the song with the title of 'God Save the King' has no resemblance whatever to Carey's composition. It is interesting to recall that George Savile Carey, when he wrote a letter to Dr. Harrington of Bath on this subject, elicited this reply. It is dated June 13, 1795:

1795:
"Dear Sir—The anecdote you mention respecting your father's being the author and composer of "God Save the King" is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows, viz.: "That your father came to him with the words and music desiring him to correct the bass, which desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's re-quest Mr. Smith wrote another bass in harmony." Mr. Smith (John Christo-pher Smith, Handel's amanuensis), to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on this authority I pledge myself for the truth of the statement.—H. Harrington."

Mr. Maurice Grau, to whom we are indebted for the series of grand operas in Massey Hall last season, has been talking to a London "Daily Telegraph" reporter about music. Speaking of his last American season he stated that it was exceptionally successful, the takings being £280,000 in twenty-seven weeks out the over \$10000 a week. Out of or a little over £10,000 a week. Out of this shareholders were paid a dividend of sixty-five per cent. Traveling expenses alone reached the sum of £20,000, the tour ranging from New York to San Francisco and back again, and from New York later on to Chicago. His weekly expenses at New York aggregated £8,000, while in London they were only £5,000 to £6,000. In London, however week, while in New York the company contrived to crowd eight into the same time. Of new singers Mr. Grau remarked: "One is always glad to hear of new stars appearing upon the operation horizon, but my own experience is that they are few and far between. The great singers of ten years ago are pracgreat singers of ten years ago are practically the great singers of to-day. And it is they alone whom the public seem to want. Obviously they cannot last forever, but where their successors are to come from I confess I cannot say. Doubtless the hour will produce the man; still, there is no getting away from the fact that the present dearth of fresh talent is only too marked."

A "record" is claimed for the orches A "record" is claimed for the orenes-tra of the Leipsic Philharmonic. Tour-ing in Scandinavia, these musicians tra-veled 7,000 kilometres in sixty-seven days, and gave sixty-three sympnony

To the great as not siment of Parisians, the representations in German of Wagner's "Gotterdammerung" and "Tristan." which came at the end of the season, were even better attended than those in French, although it has hitherto been the custom in Paris (except when an Italian opera existed) invariably to perform German and all other operas in French. The final performances were conducted by Richter and Mottl.

Rubinstein believed that only about all the Germans and 2 per cent. of the English are really musical. Mr. Constantin von Sternberg of Philadelphia is more optimistic. He expresses the op-ion in the "Musician" that "if the i-babitants of the civilized world were be divided into two classes, those w-do love music and those who do not. I music-lovers would probably number a high as 97 per cent.; and among thes 97 out of every 100 there will surely be at least 30 who would give preference to a good music: for instance. Beethoven's They may like his music in varying de grees. Some may like it, some love it some varieties in the control of t maining 67 per cent.? What about the remaining 67 per cent.? What about the millions of people who have intelligence enough to understand the language of Shakespeare, to delight in a picture by Raphael, to admire Canova's Ariadness of the conditions of the conditi and thousands of other expressions of the human mind through the medium of the beautiful, and yet 'hate' Beethover and all real sterling music; what about those? Why do not all who love music love good music?" The chief reason, he thinks, is not that the hearers are "not up to it," but that the performers do not interpret it properly.

true hearts of the believers and defen! ers of the much-abused little place called Fngland. To go into the full details of the misapprehension in regard to Dr. John Bull's supporters would perhaps not serve any turn. That a song called 'tiod Save the King' was sung on September 28, 1745, on the stage of Drucy Lane Theater, and announced as being by Henry Carey, cannot be controverted.

dinary beauty of her voice, and one writer went so far as to say that it seemed as resolute and powerful as when she first astonished London forty-one years ago.

CHERUBINO.

The Greatest Men.

It would be a difficult task, if not an mpossible one, to persuade any half-lozen men casually brought together, in-to unanimity of opinion concerning the to unanimity of opinion concerning greatest man who ever lived. Mos hem would agree, no doubt, with Lore Brougham, that Julius Caesar was "the greatest man of ancient times," but now many of the six would accept Professor Gardiner's estimate of Cromwell as "the greatest Englishman of all time"? Each greatest Enginshian of all time. The Each of them, we may be reasonably sure, would accept Shakespeare as the greatest poet, yet Lord Lytton once spoke of Milton as "the greatest poet of our country." And where will be found two men out of Scotland to agree with Charles Mackay when he says of Burns that he was "the greatest poet—next perhaps to King David of the Jews whom any age has produced"?-"Leslie Weekly."

Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with lowers foat fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love.
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a
span
With travall and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the

From the winds of the north and the

From the winds of the north and the south

They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth.
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days.
And night, and sleep in the night,
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derisic
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne

-Algernon Charles Swinburne

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NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that com-mencing Saturday, July 19th instant, and on all following Saturdays, the Chartered Banks and their Branches doing business in Toronto and in Toronto Will close at 12 o'clock n (By order.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. William James Kavanagh of New York left for Buffalo the early part of the week, where she will be the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. Harry Kavanagh, Pennsylvania street.

Mrs. Thomas J. Kennedy of McCaul street left on Saturday for an extended visit to Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Hamilton Moore leaves Wednesday for Sandy Point, Lake Muskoka, to visit Miss Mabel Beddoe, the charming young Canadian contralto.

Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Ruby Reynolds have gove to Prince Edward Island for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Florence Sadd is spending a month at Ferndale, Muskoka, with Dr. and Mrs. A. Torrey of St. Joseph street.

Miss Daisy Smallpeice of Parkdale and Miss Winnie Holderness of Mark-ham street have returned home from

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDonald are holidaying on the Muskoka lakes.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clark of Will-cock street sailed on Thursday week for Liverpool to spend a few weeks abroad. They expect to return early in September.

Mrs. H. D. Arnold of Collingwood returned home this week, after spending a month in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and a tour of the upper lakes. Miss Allen and Miss B. Wilkinson of Minneapolis accompanied Mrs. Arnold home. Miss Gubbins and Miss Irene Brayley, Toronto, are also her guests.

The Pickwick Club held their first picnic of the season at Long Branch on Saturday, July 12th. Owing to the efforts of a most efficient committee, the afternoon was one of rare enjoyment. Games were very heartily participated in by all the Pickwickians, who were charmed to have with them on this occasion, if not the original Sam Weller, a gentleman bearing the same name. This gentleman possesses an anarcently ingentleman possesses an apparently in-exhaustible fund of ioviality, and is well the to furnish as much appropriate for the modern Pickwickians as did his ilthe modern Pickwickians as did his illustrious namesake in the same length of time for the original club. Some of the others present were: M. Stewart, B.A. Dr. Mooring, Judge Cameron, Dr. J. Kirk, and E. Graham, D.D.S. The bountifully spread luncheon table, which was laid twice during the evening, at 6 p.m. and again at 9 p.m., bore strong testimony to the competency of the faiver portion of the club in the culinary art. The pienic was voted a great success, and the party separated after making arrangements for their next cathoring, which will be held at Island Park, where a full attendance of the members where a full attendance of the members is looked for.

Mrs. M. Kiely and child, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. McGehv, Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Pose, Miss Rose, Dr. MocCellum of Toronto, Miss Mabel Ireland of Hemilton, Dr. and Mrs. Mullin of Recombon Mrs. A. C. Town, Miss Elizabeth O'Hern of Buffalo, Mr. J. C. King of Uxbridge, Mrs. L. A. Russell, Miss Russell of Cleveland, are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines. at the Welland, St. Catharines

Miss Purse of Orde street returns today from a pleasant visit to friends in Greater New York.

Miss Evelyn Graham left last week for "The Belvidere." Parry Sound.

A Muskoka (Gravenhurst) party which is enjoying a short outing more perhaps than any other on the eards just now is formed of a number of working girls who belong to that useful and successful organization, the St. Andrew's Institute. The young ladies of Dr. Armstrong Black's congregation are never weary of their interest in the Institute, and its "Girls' Own Club" is one of its most helpful branches. For this club the young ladies have rented quarters on Lake Muskoka, and tired working girls are enjoying every hour in the healthy quiet of that lovely region. Miss Jean King, Miss Helen McMurrich and Miss Sophie Michie have devoted part of their summer to looking after the girls during their sojourn, and are gratified at the benefit and pleasure their protegees enjoy. A Muskoka (Gravenhurst) party which

At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, a progressive dinner was given by the management to the players who participated in the tournament on Satur-day evening, July 12, at seven o'clock; the diners changed places between courses. The guests were the Misses Hague of Montreal, Fleishman of Buffalo, Weil of Cincinnati, Binkley of Cor-nell, Florsheim of Louisiana, Finley and Mary Finley of New York, and Summer-hayes of Toronto, and Messrs. A. C. Mehayes of Toronto, and Messrs. A. C. Me-Master of Toronto, George, Beals C. and Irving C. Wright of Boston, Ralph Holterholf of Cincinnati, E. Florsheim of Louisiana, E. P. Fischer of New York, C. A. Lindley of New York, and R. G. Hunt of California. The tennis tournament ended most pleasantly, and the prizes were opal and diamond pins for the men, a very handsome Bohemian glass perfume bottle in openwork case of silver for the ladies, a splendid oak and silver liquor stand of three bottles, and the challenge cup, a new one this year, for the champion lady, who is that queen of the tennis court, Miss Hague of Montreal, as jolly and good-natured a player as ever held a raquet, and always ready w...a word of praise and appreciation of her friends praise and appreciation of her friends her opponents' skill.

In speaking of the work accomplished by the aid of funds sent out to India from Canada for the famine sufferers, a from Canada for the famine sufferers, a resident philanthropiat writes: "The improvement in the physical condition of these children is something marvelous. Of the 175 girls, only four have died, because they receive such careful nurture. Girls whose mothers never knew what a needle was have learned to sew so well that they are now teaching the younger girls. Every older girl has a younger girl to be her little sister, for whom she shall specially care, to see that she is tidy, prompt and obedient, and to look after her generally. Every girl gets some schooling. Some girls have done so well that in one year they have gone through the atudies for

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which most girls require three years. The principal industry is rug-weaving. Some of the girls can already nearly earn their own support." I print this as encouraging to many friends who have generously given funds to Miss Caroline Macklem to carry on the work. Miss Macklem transmits funds direct to the homes and schools in India, and hopes to get in more subscriptions very soon. to get in more subscriptions very soon

Captain Bingham Alexander Turner, D.S.O., only son of the late Major-General Turner and Mrs. Turner, formerly Miss Gzowski, received his order of distinguished service as one of the coronation gifts of the King. It dates from June 26th, 1992, and was given for fearless and skilful leading in pursuit of the enemy on several occasions in armelo district, South Africa. Captain Turner is an athletic young fellow, over six feet in height, and barely past his first quarter of a century, a worthy descendant of gallant and courtly sire and

grandsire, whose people have the ut-most reason for their joyful pride in him. Mrs. Turner had a brief but happy visit with her hero, and found that war had done for him what so many mothers have remarked, set a seal of gravity and depth upon his young manhood. She very much enjoyed also her tour through a pleasant part of the scenes which are of so much interest to all of us, owing to the notable part our friends took in the late war.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Brown of Richmond Hill to Dr. Wilber Spaulding of Toronto was quietly solemnized in Elm street Methodist church on Thurs-day, 17th inst. Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding will spend three or four weeks in Mus-koka.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Griffith of

Charles Johnston, wore a pretty gown of cream India silk, trimmed with medallions and lace, and a veil and orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of bride roses. Miss Annie Manser, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, with Miss Ruth Johnston, niece of the bride, both being gowned in white organdic, and carrying bouquets of pink roses. The groomsman was Mr. Charles Johnston, nephew of the bride. Little Pearl Byrnell of Portage la Prairie, niece of the bride, was flower girl, and carried a pretty basket of flowers. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, maidenhair ferns, and Marguerites. Mr. Harry Brown was usher. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, where a very dainty wedding breakfast was served. A number of beautiful presents were received by the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Manser left by the two o'clock boat for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other Eastern cities.

Judge and Mrs. Jones are at Juddof bride roses. Miss Annie Manser, sis-

Judge and Mrs. Jones are at Juddhaven, Muskoka. Mrs. S. Alfred Jones and her little son are spending the summer at Adamsville, Georgian Bay distributed.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thomson have re turned to the city, and are now settled in their new home, at 92 Hazelton ave-nue, but Mrs. Thomson will not receive until September.

Much sympathy is expressed for Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Boultbee in the loss of their little son Felix, who died rather suddenly on Wednesday.

Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., cousin and heir of the Marquis of Townshend, spent some days in Toronto this week. He is a veteran of three campaigns and has the D.S.O. for Omdurman. I am told he will spend some time in Canada.

Mrs. Will Rose of Lowther avenue and family and Mrs. Maffey have gone to Orillia for the summer, and will be the guests of Mrs. Henry Arens.

Mr. H. R. Tilley, formerly cashier of the Confederation Life Association, To-ronto, but now of Jamaica, is at Bob-caygeon, enjoying a few days' fishing at the hub of the Kawartha lakes.

Miss Hall of Manning avenue is pending her summer vacation at Bob aygeon.

Mr. W. R. Tilley and Mr. C. S. Blackman, both expert fishermen, are trying their prettiest to break the record in bass fishing. They are at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Williams of Markham street are spending a vacation at Atlantic City.

Mr. William Stone, Mr. J. Stone, Mr. W. F. Martin and Mr. A. R. Martin are among the many tourists at Bobcay-geon, Kawartha.

Mr. J. M. Armstrong, of the Dominion Bank, Montreal, is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, 297 Carlton

SUMMER RESORTS.



these days and the verandas and grounds of the "Royal Muskoka" invite to luxurious laziness. The lover of solitude has no difficulty in finding the most exquisite spots on verandas or in fragrant woods in which to dream away the time, read in quiet, and above all keep cool. For others there are sports-canoeing, bathing, fishing, golfing, ternis, and water trips up and down the lakes. The "Royal Muskoka" has accommodation for 450 guests. Return fare, Toronto to Hotel, Saturday to Monday, \$4.40. Rates from the Manager, "Royal Muskoka," Lake Rosseau, Ontario.

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NOTICE.

The General Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of The Ontario Associated Press Corporation, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, July 23 text. at the SATURDAY NIGHT Building, 26-22 Adelaide Et. West, for the purposes of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.

R. BUTCHART,
Toronto, July 7, 1902. Sec. Treas.

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Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays 730 p. m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islande, Rapide, 'o Montreal. H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto

THOS. HENRY,
Traffic Manager,
Montreal.

Philadelphia Yacht Club, who is on board, accompanied by Mrs. William Berben and Miss Adelaide Berben, his guests. The "Regina" left Ogdensburg guests. The "Regina" left Oguensonig and successfully ran all the rapids in the river. The most formidable of the lot are the Lachine rapids, but taking a Caughnawaga Indian aboard, as a pilot she managed to come through this dan-gerous stretch of water without harm. The pilot was Michel Default.

Dr. McLennan of Buffalo and Dr. Cie land of Detroit have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod of Crescent Road, Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Lash and their family are summering in Muskoka. Canon and Mrs. Bland of Hamilton are at taeir Island on Lake Joseph. Dean and Mrs. Baker of Varsity are at their Muskoka

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No. 921-Natural Grain, Black, 16 inch, \$9.00; 18 inch, \$10.00.

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o. 986.—Natural Grain Black, double handles, 16 inch, \$10.00; 18 inch \$11.00: 20 inch, \$12.00.

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Marguerie Murphy, Mr. Harold Murphy, Mr. Granis
Mrs. and Mr. Greenwood Brown, Mr.
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Mary's; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ramsay of St.
Mary's; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ramsay of St.
Mary's; Mr. and Mrs. Denderson of Toronto; Mr. Frederick M. Winter
of Orange, N.J.; Mr. and Mrs.
G. Gates and child, Mr. C. J. Anderson
of Richmond, Va.; Mr. George R. Hayne
of Toronto; Mr. A. W. Young of Hamilton; Mr. Toronto; Mr. A. W. Young of Hamof Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. F.
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Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. A. F.
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Willamson, Mr. A. W. Barnard, of Toonto; Mr. and Mrs. James Burdell of
Cincinnati; Mr. J. G. Brandt and son
of St. Louis; Mr. F. W. Gates, jr., of
Hawerhill, Mass.: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin
A. H. Trotter, Miss Louise Trotter, Mr.
and Mrs. W. O. Chapin, Miss Mary Marin, Miss Janet Chapin, of Buffalo; Mr.
L. Putnam of Montreal: Mr. and Mrs.
T. J. Bray of Pittsburg; Mr.

Mr. Donald Williams, of New York;
Ashey P. Johnston of Asheville, Tenn.;
Mr. Salley P. Johnston of Asheville, Tenn.;
Mr. Salley P. Johnston of Asheville, Tenn.;
Mr. And Mrs. A. Ind. Mrs. D. A. N. Scinclair and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family of Toronto; Mr. A. W. Winter
of Toronto; Mr. Faderick
Mr. A. W. Wond, of Toronto; Mr. A. W. Young of Hamilton; Mr. Othomitzell of St. Louis;
Mr. D. Wood, of Toronto; Mr. A. W. Barnard, of Toonto; Mr. A. W. Barnard, of Toonto; Mr. A. W. Barnard, of Toonto; Mr. and Mrs. James Burdell of
Clickands of Brantford; Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh and
family Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family,
Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and family, Mr. Ducylas Simpson and fami

and Mrs. T. A. Ranney and family, Miss Wilson, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kinmonth, Mr. Bryant Walker, of Detroit; Mr. W. J. Stewart, Walker, of Detroit; Mr. W. J. Stewart, Mr. R. F. Wilkes, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John G. Williams, Mr. Frank and Mr. Donald Williams, of New York; Mrs. and Mrs. W. G. Hough, Mr. H. W. Anderson, of Toronto; Messrs. D. and W. R. A. Newman of Detroit; Mr. George R. A. Newman of Detroit; Mr. George A. Morency of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schaperkotter, Miss Dorothea C. Schaperkotter, Miss F. Bryson of Phila. Schaperkotter, Miss F. Bryson of Phila.

of grain." The Canadian Arch was built f sheaves and devices of Canadian rrain, and Serantis (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison of Rosedale) has coupled the et of the Princess and the idea of Canda's wealth of produce in the following

A HANDFUL OF GRAIN. In the yellow, mellow days of Autumn, In the golden, molten month October, Opulent with purple grapes high clus-tered, Rich with grain high gathered on the

prairie,
Over all the mellow ways of Autumn,
Out across the stillness of the prairie,
Over all the golden globes of harvest,
Sang the earnest voices of the sunset,
Rang the mighty voices of the harvest,
To the guests who came so far to see
Speaking in their simple prairie fashio
Saying from their hearts as hone
people:
"It is good, O Princess, to have see
you;

you;
It is pleasant, Prince, for as to meet you.
Pass between our golden, waving arches,
All for you we made them of our plenty.
Look aloft at every shining wheat ear,
See the grain in mighty welded masses;
We can spare it, we shall never miss it;
Nought we want but men to come and
cut it,
Nought we ask but wind and sun to
grow it.

it, wind and sun to feed and

warm it.

It is surely good for us to show you Tower and trophy from the land of plenty.

As the buried seed, so is our patience, As the waving grain so is our courage, As the boundless sky is our ambition, As the blue, untrodden prairie blossoms Bloom our powers of faith and hope unshaken."

And the Princess, growing very thoughtthe Prince, beside her, thinking deeply, Thought of all the crowded, distant cities, Thought of all the poverty and suf-fering, Viewed with kindling hearts the ampie Viewed with kindling hearts the ample acres,
All the grassy plains, the golden wheat fields,
Saw the splendid Storehouse of the Empire,
Looked upon the welded grain high gathered,
Till their hearts within them burned and melted,
Till their hearts were opened to a vision Of the years to come, when all the Prairie
Shall by happy millions be invaded,
Happy—that they leave their crowded cities,
Leave their distant poverty and suffering,

fering.

Take the ground and till it, make it fruitful,
Make it bear and blossom in the Autumn,
Under God—for homes and little children,
Under God—for Unity and Empire.

So the earnest people of the prairie, Cheering in their honest western fashion, Saw the Prince and Princess slowly leave them, Saw the Prince and Princess slowly leave them,
Leave them for the rich and splendid cities,
For the eastern ocean and the hon-eland;
But we know that ever in the future Will the West remain within their memory,
Never can its promise be forgotten,
Never can its plenty be defeated;
Nought shall mar the solemn hymn of harvest,
And the guests who came so far to

harvest,
And the guests who came so far to
hear it
Side by side with all their gifts of silven
Gifts of gold and paper. of gold and pansy-purple crystal, of fur and feather, wood and marble, Equally will prize the hurried handful— Ears of wheat high gathered on the

prairie—
Plucked among the shining fields of harvest.
In the distant country of the surset,
in the yellow, mellow days of Autumn,
in the golden, molten month October.
S_KANUS.

Commodore and Mrs. Jarvis are sum-nering at Center Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir have removed from Tyndall avenue to Labur-num and Jameson avenues. The family are summering at Trenton.

Mrs. James Sinclair has returned home after a three montas' delightful trip across the Continent and the Pacific coast, and is en pension at the "New Marlborough Hall," Jarvis street.

Mrs. George Cochrane, Miss Cochrane, of Los Angeles, California; Mrs. R. Mara and son, Mr. Edwin Bradshaw, Miss Florence E. Bradshaw, Miss May Graham, Miss Nora Starr of Toronto; Mr. Willard D. Howe of Pitt ston, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Peacock, Miss Wilson, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. St. Leger, Mrs. S. B. McCall, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gripton, Miss Canns, E. H. Carpenter and son, Mrs. J. Campbell, of St. Catharines; Mr. C. J. W. Lowes, Mr. Richard Coady, Rev. James W. Pedley, Mr. G. E. Mara of Toronto; Mr. William Francis of London; Miss Lillie Walton, Miss Hilda Toronto; Mr. William Francis of London; Miss Lillie Walton, Miss Hilda Walton, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, Mr. Harold Watson, Mr. Hugh Watson, of Toronto; Miss Alice M. Steele, Miss Annie J. Steele, Mrs. Charles Newton and son of arkham: Mr. Miss Annie J. Steele, Mrs. Charles Newton and son of arkham; Mr. Douglas J. Thom, Mr. H. George Queen. Mr. A. C. Barker, Mr. W. R. Webster of Toronto; Mr. Sam Briggs of Hamilton; Mrs. Tovel of Toronto; Mrs. W. J. Thompson of Fulton, N.Y.; Miss Mabel Gordon of Hull, Que.; Mrs. S. J. Hunter of New York, Miss Ruby L. Hunter, Miss K. Myles, Mr. J. Morris, Mrs. A. Morris, Mss L. Morris, Miss C. aorris, Master J. Morris, of Hamilton; Mrs. J. J. Varey, Mrs. M. A. Christie, of Toronto; Mr. William McGibbon, Mr. W. J. Welsh, of St. Catharines; Mr. J. G. Wing of Berlin; Mr. W. Buchner of Toronto; Mr. J. A. Staebler and family of Berlin, Mrs. Ashley P. Johnston of Asheville, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Rutley and family, Mr. M. A. N. Staebler and Issueley fail.

family of Toronto; Rev. W. McDonagh of Stratford, are registered at Grimsby Park.

Invaders of the Sanctum.

UNITED STATES newspaper once A UNITED STATES newspaper once announced that a notorious thief, well known locally, had been lynched for horse-stealing. The man called at the office, sound in wind and limb, and demanded a withdrawal of the unfounded statement. "We cannot retract," said the editor; "we never do." "But the 'Mail,' yhich published a similar report, has withdrawn it," said the man. "That may be," replied the editor. "The report appearing in the 'Mail' was no doubt without foundation; but our news is always true. However, we don't mind saying in the next issue that, the mind saying in the next issue that the rope broke, and that you escaped with a slight contusion."

If a story told in journalistic circles be well founded, a somewhat similar incident occurred in London. One day a

ventleman called at the office of a well gentleman called at the office of a well-known newspaper and said to the editor, a famous man in his time: "Sir, it is an-nounced in your paper that I am dead." "Well," replied the editor, "if it is in our paper it is correct." "It is not correct, for here I am alive," rejoined the other. "Well, it can't be helped," said the editor. "But I expect you to contradict it," said the gentleman. "No, I cannot do that," said the editor, "as we never contradict anything that appears in our tradict anything that appears in our paper. I will do the only thing I can do to bring you to life again. To-morrow I will put you in the list of births." Sometimes the editor gets the better

of these unpleasant intruders into his sanctum. A friend of ours was seated in his editorial chair in a Yorkshire town, quietly snipping paragraphs from contemporary journals, when in walked, unannounced, a big, ferocious-looking man with a heavy stick in his hand. "Is the editor in?" he asked. The menacing tone in which the question was put showed that he had not come to make a friendly call, to insert an advertisement, or to pay a subscription to the journal. "No, sir." replied the editor, with admirable presence of mind—"he has just gone out. Take a seat and read the paper; he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant visitor, crossing his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vanished downstairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who also asked if the editor was in. "Yes, sir." was the prompt response, "you will find him seated upstairs, reading a newspaper." The second visitor, on entering the room, commenced a violent assault upon the first, which was resisted with equal ferceity. The fight was continued till they both rolled to the foot of the that he had not come to make a friendequal ferocity. The fight was continued till they both rolled to the foot of the stairs and had cudgelled each other to their hearts' content.

London's Pot-Boilers.

London's Pot-Boilers.

THERE are men in London to-day, says an English paper, who, in preference to starving, are glad enough to turn out oil paintings at the ridiculous tenumeration of fourpence each, for which work they find a steady demand. The work, of course, has to be executed with extreme dexterity, or the artist would realize but a poor living but some smart men, aided by one or two deft assistants, can complete from 200 to 300 of these "pictures" in a week, though they have to toil early and latto accomplish their arduous task. When a big order comes in for a gross of oil paintings, to be finished within a specified period for a wholesale firm, the method of work is usually as follows: Along the walls of the apartment waerein the artists work are stretched so many yards of canvas, which is marked into lengths, according to the size of the pictures ordered. Then the work is equally divided among the artist and his colleagues, each man being responsible for one part of every picture. One will paint the trees, another the sky, a third will put in a bit of sea or lake, and a fourth will add a few figures to impart animation to the scene. Each man selects the particular line in which he can do his best and quickest work, and all labowith a strict eye to time and business. In one studio devoted to the fourpenny oil paintings, there are half a dozen girl who work eighty hours a week, and these earn only from twelve to fifteen shilling each. They work for a big wholesale house on the Continent, and their specialty is the showy little landscape or marine paintings so familiar to those who patronize the itinerant auctioneer or the cheap house furnisher. Incerdible though it may seem, there are some sweating firms who expect the artist to find his or her own canvas and colors, and then to turn out oil paintings at find his or her own canvas and colors and then to turn out oil paintings at fourpence apiece! But the better class dealers provide the materials or make an allowance for the extra cost.

Simple Politics.

The following monologue of an old-time colored voter, printed in the Atlan-ta "Constitution," burlesques a state of affairs that to a certain extent may have existed in some parts of the South long

Politics hez changed mightily in dis country. Hit's all diffunt. De time wuz when Marse Bill would mek up his min' dat he wanted a office, and he'd shoulder dat he wanted a office, and he'd shoulder his shotgun en walk right in de middle er de crowd en say: "Boys, dat's de office yander, ain't it?" "Yes," dey'd say, "dat sho' is it!" "Well, I'm done 'lected ter dat office,

ain't I?"

En dey'd all speak up ez one man,
"Co'se you is 'lected ter it! Go 'long in
dar en hang yo' hat up en shet de do'!
What you stan'in' roun' heah fer, any how? Go 'long in whar you b'longs!'

He Got the Promotion.

An incident in connection with Sir John Macdonald, which has never appeared in print, is related by Ottawa "Events," which vouches for its truth.

The Prime Minister had gone into the Kingston post-office to see his old friend and supporter, then postmaster, Mr. Robert Shannon. On coming out, the caretaker, a man named Dunbar, stood ready to open the outside door. Stopping in the lobby just within, the Premier put his hand on his forehead and said to himself aloud:

"There's something I've forgotten."

"Yes, sir, you've forgotten to raise my pay!"

y pay!" Now Dunbar had been petitioning the member and minister (for Sir John both) during several months for an in

Mothers

The skin of infants causes half their dis-

BABY'S OWN SOAP

cleanses, soothes and heals irritations, keeps the pores open, and leaves a deliciously fresh sensation to the little bodies.

-DON'T BE MISLED-By storekeepers, who to make more profit, sometimes urge the purchase of other soaps, instead of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The quality and purity of this soap are such that you cannot buy a better one for any money, nor as good for the price of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO, Mnfrs., MONTREAL.

crease of pay, but without realizing his desire. No one could better appreciate the ready wit of the answer that flew out on the heels of his own remark than Sir John Macdonald, who, with a merry twinkle in his eye, smiled and said:
"Dunbar, you shall get it."
And he did get it a few weeks after
he had, in this way if in no other, earned

A Vacation Full of Health, Rest and Enjoyment.

To plan a summer vacation that shall bring the maximum of rest, health and comfort with the minimum of expense and discomfort is not always easy. Fortunately, the opportunities for rest and recreation within the reach of all are becoming ways. recreation within the reach of all are becoming more numerous each year through the energetic efforts of some of the leading railway lines to make known the attractiveness of places somewhat remote from "the busy haunts of men." There is no region in the world w.ach offers so many attractions to the vacationist who loves the untouched beauty of nature as can be found in that extensive tract in Canada known as the tensive tract in Canada known as the

tensive tract in Canada known as the Muskoka Lakes District. This region including within its boundaries more than eight hundred (800) lakes and riv ers, is situated in the northern part of Ontario, east of Georgian Bay and north of Lake Ontario. The point of embarka-tion for the trip on the Muskoka Lakes is one hundred and twelve miles from foronto, and is reached by the Grand

Trunk Railway.

The lakes in this vast region which stand out in more prominence than the others are the Muskoka Lakes, composed. of three bodies of beautiful, translucent water, their names being Lake Musko-ka, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph, all ka, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph, all three being connected and giving a continuous steamboat route of more than fifty miles. Being at an altitude of one thousand feet above the sea-level, this region is peculiarly suited by the purity of the air to bring health and strength to those whose physical and mental natures have become exhausted through too close application to indoor work. Rates at the hotels are unprecedentedly low, and the accommodation excellent.

low, and the accommodation excellent For full information address G. T. Bell, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Agent, Grand Tru Montreal, Canada.

Millinery and Dressmaking Removal.

Misses Armstrong & Anderson, high-class milliners and dressmakers, have removed from No. 41 to No. 58 King street west, the old stand having been purchased by the Bank of Nova Scotia. The new store is located on the north side of King street just west of the "Mail" building.

Professor Robert Nelson, the cele-brated singing teacher of St. Louis, U.S. A., will arrive in Toronto August 1. Those desirous of studying the Lamperti method, as taught by the elder Lamperti, will do well by calting upon him. Mr. Nelson is endorsed by the leading artists of the world. Address Ashdown's Music Store, Toronto.

"Brother, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Para-dise?" "Yes, pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."-Philadelphia "Record."

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Morrison—At 24 Crescent road, the wife of Charles E, Morrison, a daughter. Cary—July 10, London, Mrs. G. M. Cary, a son.

Ferguson—July 6, Toronto, Mrs. John A. Ferguson, a daughter.
Johnston—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Johnston—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, a daughter.
Lailey—July 7, St. Catharines, Mrs. Fred T. Lailey, a daughter.
May—July 13, Toronto, Mrs. J A. May, a daughter.
Charlesworth—July 14, Rat Portage, Mrs. Lionel Charlesworth, a son.
Clark—July 14, Toronto, Mrs. H. A. Clark, a son.
Reed—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur P. Reed, a son.
Arthur—July 10, Collingwood, Mrs. (Dr.)
J. Robins Arthur, a son.
Wing—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Horace
Wing, a son.

Marriages.

Spaulding—Brown—On Thursday, 17th, in Elm Street Methodist C by Rev. Dr. German, assisted b Jos. Odery, Jessie, only daug S. M. Brown, of Richmond I Dr. Wilber G. L. Spaulding.

ronto.
Taylor—Hatton—July 9, Toronto, PerCampbell Taylor to Mary Vero

ford.

Coulter—Kaiser—July 9, Toronto tion, Adam Coulter to Martha & Torrance—Rich—July 9, Agincourt. Biam Henry Torrance to Dora Curts—Hawkins—July 9, Canton. Harry Eugene Curts to Gertrude on a Hawkins.

Kitching—Lemmon—July 1, To George R. Kitching to Annie M. mon.

mon.

Maginn-Smith-July 9, Kincardine,
nest Maginn to Ida Smith.

Peglarr-Fletcher-June 11, Tot
Richard A. Peglarr to Ida Fletc

Flynn-Newton-July 15, Toronto, To
Owen Flynn to Helen Hilda Ne
Blake-Cameron-July 10, Johannes
S.A., Samuel Blake to Florence
eron.

eron.
Peardon-Dickson-July 15, Toront
A. Peardon to Margaret Dick
Hare-Rice-July 15, Oshawa,
Alexander Hare to Ethel L. R.
Manser-Carlisle-July 15, Parkdale
ard Manser to Annie Carlisle.

Deaths.

Francis—July 10, Toronto, Mrs. Jane
Francis, aged 83.
Kerr—July 10, Toronto, Adam A. Kerr.
aged 25.
Culver—July 3, Bloomsburg, Loder Culver, aged 77.
Shand—July 10, Toronto, John Shand,
aged 34.
McGiverin—July 8, Hamilton, Mrs. W. F.
McGiverin—July 11, Toronto, Edwin Walter
Hughes, aged 15.
Mine—July 11, Box Grove, Mrs. Hannat
Milne, aged 91.
Ross—Toronto, Bertha Mabel Ross.
Hutson—July 11, Toronto, Mrs. W. D.
Hutson, aged 53.
Armstrong—July 13, Toronto, Mrs. Simos
Armstrong—July 13, Oshawa, Mrs. Jane Mass
son Luke, aged 77.
Rathbone—July 12, Toronto, Edith May
Rathbone, aged 11.
Smith—July 12, Ottawa, George Smita
aged 83.
Barras—July 12, Toronto, George Barras
aged 70.
Gullett—July 6, on 8.8. "St. Paul." Fre
18. Gullett.
Rennie—July 14, Hamilton, Daniel Me
ville Rennie— Gullett—July 6, on 8.8. "St. Paul." Fre
B. Gullett.
Rennie—July 14, Hamilton, Daniel Me
ville Rennie.
Dempster—July 15, Toronto, John Dem
Banks—July 15, Toronto, Doris Bank
aged 1 year 9 months.
Ellis—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Eliz
aged 79, Heming—Cotherston, England. Robe
Heming—Cotherston, Felix Hannafor
Boultbee, aged 4.
Wookey—July 15, New York, Rev. C. J.
Wookey—July 15, New York, Rev. C. J.
Greenwood—July 15, Whitby, John Ham
Greenwood, aged 73.

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